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The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches accepts the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

THE UNITARIAN

A MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

Eliot Rev. T. T. Jan 96

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THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

VOL. X. JULY, 1895. No. 7.

THE WATER-LILIES.

O you pure, you snow-white lilies!
Floating on the deep, blue water,
'Neath the elm's down-drooping branches
Where the breezes murmur low,
Where the joyous birds are singing happy songs
Among the branches,
As they swing in leafy cradles to and fro.

With the sky of blue above you, where the fleecy clouds
Are floating
And the deep, the dark blue water sparkling golden
In the light,
In your snowy whiteness resting,
On the leaves of green around you,
O you golden-hearted lilies, life for you is very bright.

Let us look beneath the surface of the rippling,
Sparkling water,
Where the lily-roots are planted,
Firmly in the darkened soil.
Do you think these snowy blossoms,
In their purity grew upward,
And emerged from such dark waters pure,
And spotless without toil?

As they groped about in darkness,
And slowly struggled upward,
All the hardships they encountered,
Only made them
Grow complete,
Till, at last, one summer morning the petals
Slowly opened,
And straightway emerged the lilies in their beauty,
Pure and sweet.

Fear not, though dark are the waters,
From the darkness spring the flowers.
And the trials borne in patience tend,
To make them far more sweet.
Light and darkness, sun and showers,
Only make our lives more perfect,
Till they unfold like the lilies, beautiful,
Pure, and complete.

MAUD L. COTTON.

Bemis Heights, N.Y.

"GOOD NEWS OF GOD."

ANNIVERSARY SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION IN ROSLYN CHAPEL, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, ENGLAND, BY REV. DOUGLAS WALMSLEY, OF BELFAST, IRELAND. REPRINTED FROM THE "INQUIRER."

"Good tidings of great joy."—LUKE ii. 10.

That note of gladness can never be wanting in any faithful presentation of Christ's gospel of the kingdom. It was a true appreciation that called it "good tidings of great joy"; for it came to men as indeed an evangel, a gospel, "good news of God." We must keep that spirit of gladness in our proclamation of gospel truth.

My purpose to-day is to set before you my thought that this rejoicing and trustful faith, the gospel of Christ in its simplest form, our faith by fair inheritance from earliest Christian times, is the best answer the world yet knows to human needs. I speak as to men who have banded themselves together to help it forward, in the confidence that so they have a work of God committed to their trust. I speak as one who for more than twenty laborious years has kept steadily to his quiet task of service, to whom it has been given not alone to toil in the seed-sowing, but sometimes to rejoice for the good ground and the blessed return of thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. For I have seen and known how the good news can cheer and hearten and bless, and has not lost its ancient skill to be the "power of God unto salvation."

Sorrow comforted, high purposes more bravely held to, the good of life received with a humbler and devouter thankfulness, the tasks of love more surely done; manhood proud to serve the loving God in service of the best interests of men; youth setting forth upon its journey with the

prayer to be kept in life-long alliance with truth and good; old age, even after long wandering in mazes of mistaken theological theory, coming back—coming home—to rest in peace on the assurances of the simpler and better faith,—this I have seen and known; and it has helped me to go forward with my task, sure that I could spend the little strength I had for service in no better cause.

And, as not alone a believer of the good news of God, but a preacher of it, and as one who desires very earnestly that our churches may prosper and be in health, I plead that the gladness of the gospel message be set well forward. Sure of this: that, if the word so spoken comes home to a man, putting into his heart the joy of the great salvation, he will bring his thanksgiving and his prayer to his church, and will not willingly be of the number of those who forsake the public worship of God.

I know that into the most sacred places of his soul a man must enter alone, and speak in secret to Him who seeth in secret. But I know also that church gives us the chief opportunity we take of lifting up our thoughts to God. I am of those weaklings who confess that they need the Sunday's refreshings for the other six days' exhaustions. I think it likely to go better with a man if he will fight his devils with his back against a church. It is good to say "we," not always "I," in our prayers. Fellowship there is most helpful. I do not want the answering gratitude of my heart to cool down into a matter-of-course acquiescence in blessing; and if there are prayers I can only pray in my own inner chamber, and when my door is shut, there is a joy I can only feel when I stand with like-minded friends in the house of God, and join with them to thank the Giver of good for blessings he has poured upon us. I hold it to be of first moment that the spirit of rejoicing love should set the key-note of our thought and speech when we meet together for common worship of the Father.

But the Unitarian hears it brought as an accusation against his faith that, wherever that "Spirit of delight" may find a home among Christian people, it has clean forsaken us; our services are a dull affair; we do not ourselves believe in the gladness and the helpfulness of what we hear; and we have pretty well given up the hope that our message will ever prove acceptable to the masses of men. So they say of us. Yet every one of us has been at times with companies of worshipping Unitarians when the very spirit of praise has come as a wind of God upon us, and carried all hearts heavenward, when, as one man has spoken words of prayer, the hush of sympathy in Godward petition was a thing that might be felt, and when the united song of thanksgiving has voiced the fervent joy of many hearts. We have worshipped with such churches of the faithful, and have felt the reproach of coldness to be taken away. And if we had been brow-beaten from our confidence, and our heart had fainted within us while they continually said unto us, Where is your gospel? do not let us make the mistake of acknowledging for our faith the faults and failings of its least earnest adherents.

A truth is true, though men who know it true may be indifferent about it. And our faith in God and duty, and Christ and heaven,—let us claim it boldly,—is a glorious faith, a saving faith, though we may never have given it the welcome to our hearts, the place in our lives, which it has merited. Nowhere is it more true than it is among us that "one sinner destroyeth much good."

This faith of ours, therefore,—the assurances it holds out to us, the hopes it makes real to us, the life-spirit it breathes into us, the service to which it summons us,—is our faith a message of "good tidings of great joy"? Is it "good news of God"? Or have we turned aside from that which made Christ's word a message of salvation to the world, and so have courted failure?

For answer to our question we have to go all the way back to the great Teacher himself, and cannot halt where the churches would bid us rest. Back to Christ we have gone, to sit at his feet and hear his word, to look out upon life as through his eyes, and honor the simplicity of his hope and confidence in God more than the elaborateness of later Christian teaching. And so diligently reading, and so believing with and trusting the Lord, and declining to take any of the many hands that have been held out to us to lead us away into the amazing "developments" of after years, I am not sure whether sometimes, with our critics, what is wrong with us is not that we have been

right in this: we have been right, and the creed-makers have been wrong; and "back to Christ" is a rising cry among them to-day. Not yet can they make up their minds to trust themselves wholly to the venture, and for themselves and for their churches find the salvation of freedom and love. That will come. But there is our place. Whenever I hear the claim made that our Unitarianism is a forsaking of the faith of Christ and his apostles, I am anxious to lodge the counter claim that in his thought of God and duty and human destiny the Unitarian comes nearest, after all, to the mind of Christ.

As I read, the Unitarian movement has been an effort not to get further away from Christ, but to return to the early faith of Christendom. We have been trying to rescue Christianity from control by doctrines that were only born into the world of thought a century and more after Christ had died. John Biddle's two catechisms were compilations of "the very words of Scripture," though Biddle went to gaol for writing them, and his poor little books were burned by the hangmen. We have pleaded again and again that the very test words of the orthodoxies, without which you cannot even state the churches' dogmas, are of later date than the New Testament, and name conceptions which had no place in the faith of Jesus and John and James and Paul. No "Trinity" there, no "Triune God," no "God the Son," no "God and Saviour Jesus Christ," except in a version which to that extent and thereby is discredited; and we have begged the world to come back, away from all these later introductions and complications, back to Christ, back to Christianity in its simplest and directest form.

And, whether rightly or wrongly, this has been our confidence: that in our worship of the One Eternal God the Father, in our unbargaining trust in him, in our dependence for all good on his unpurchased, uncovenanted love and mercy, we were getting back to the Godward thoughts of our great teacher and leader, praying in his spirit, believing his religious faith.

And so, going back to Christ, and asking what it was that made his gospel good news of God to any who cared to listen and believe, there is one master-thought there, dominating all the rest, the meaning of every parable, the confidence of every lesson. I realize it best when I put it in simplest form: that God is love, and man may trust him. You look in vain to Jesus for a new scheme of doctrine. Many a theological house of cards has come tumbling of a heap at the breath of the child's question, "Did Jesus mean all that?" Going his rounds among the cottage homes of Galilee, preaching to the fisher-folk by the lake-side, talking with Mary and Lazarus and Martha at Bethany, while his spoken word was so simple, telling of God's kingdom of love and righteousness, it is beyond belief that all the time he had Dr. Denny's lectures "up his sleeve."

If there was a doctrine of the personality or the impersonality of God among his people, he did not change it; for he and they were in heartiest agreement upon the great precept of their common faith,—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One." His friends believed, as he did, in the fact of God's providence in the world, though they might differ in their conception of its operations. They looked forward, as he did, to a "life to come." All around him believed it except the Sadducees, who said there was no resurrection. Jesus himself, while he changed some of the detailed lessons of the old law, and took up a new position toward the law, yet reverently accepted from the law some of the best things in all his teaching. You may find the Beatitudes, for the most part, in the Book of Psalms, and the Golden Rule (in spirit, at least, if not in so many words) in Proverbs, and the two commandments (love to God and love to man) in Deuteronomy and Leviticus. Even the thought of God as a Father was not new with Christ. It is in Deuteronomy,—"Ye are the children of the Lord your God." A Psalm of David names God "Father of the fatherless." "Have we not all One Father?" pleads Malachi. "Hath not One God created us?" But the difference lies here: that it was given to Christ to realize these things with an intensity of conviction to which the men about him were strangers. God's fatherhood was not with him a far-away doctrine that never came within speaking distance of any difficulty he was fighting his way through, of any faith he was trying to save: it was the foundation truth on which he rested all his think-

ing, "the master-light of all his seeing." That free-flowing love of the Father who was working "hitherto,"—all the way along from the beginning of his creation up to that hour,—that was the meaning of the world, of human life, of all life. "All ye are brethren," he said to his friends; and the word was not with him (as, too often, we have made it) a convention. It meant not something less than kin by blood, but something infinitely more. Prayer, with Christ, was indeed a speaking to God,—out of the sincerity of the heart's hopes and fears and joys and sorrows. Duty was to do the Father's will. Communion was to feel his touch upon the soul. Sorrow was chastening, was preparation for better service and fuller blessing. Will God punish? Even as a Father seeks the reclamation of his erring child. Will God forgive? "While he was yet a great way off, his Father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." It was such thoughts, such simplicity of Godward trust and love, such unquestioning faith, that could accept good or evil at God's hand and still bless his holy name, that could let you go down into the final darkness and feel safe if you may but keep God's hand. It was this that made Christ's gospel good news for men to hear of God, a message of salvation to the world, a faith worth the labor of a life, worth dying (so Christ believed) to bring more closely home to the hearts of men.

And I want to take it up and sing it while I have breath,—that God is love, and I can trust him. And the love of God can never change, never grow weary. It is for all of us,—not for a chosen or a self-chosen few,—for all of us. It is forever and ever, and not only tells me the meaning of my life, my powers, my joys and sorrows here, but gives me the assurance of an immortal welfare. For God is love, and man may trust him. That is the heart of Christ,—"good news of God" to all the world. And it is no improvement upon that glad gospel of God's grace when, as the years and generations pass, it becomes more and more interfused and adulterated with foreign elements. Speculation takes hold of its words, twists them about, and, first rendering new and wonderful meanings into them, has little difficulty in getting new and wonderful meanings out of them. And changes are realized in what men believe Christ to have taught about God and saving faith and judgment to come that are in themselves a disaster to the world. This worst of all: that there grew up the notion that something more was needed,—something to come between the penitent child and the loving father, to give that love effect, and make that penitence an accepted thing,—something that might placate an angry God, and make him willing to see the re-establishment of the old peace once more. Or some hideous necessity was laid upon him to exact from us, for our sins, a penalty greater than we could ever pay. And who can wonder that, in that thought, more and more the hearts of men began to turn away from a God who either had ceased to love or was powerless to pardon and bring their praise and thankfulness to Christ? "If the Lord Jesus Christ," so wrote an English divine, "had not satisfied to the utmost farthing the great Creditor God for all our debts, God the Father might come upon us the debtors; but now . . . no further demands can be made upon us." It has come even to that, then, that God the Father is a hard and unpitying creditor, who has to be paid in full lest he should "come upon us," and from whom, thanks be to Christ, we are happily free. So it is not without reason that the prayers men lift up for pity of their need and their thanksgiving for earthly joy and heavenward hope are addressed not to God, but to the compassionate Christ; and it was natural, and it was necessary (for humanity must have the confidence that there is divine love and pity somewhere), that, when God seemed estranged and thus the throne of love was vacant, Christ should be raised to it by the joyful acclaim of a saved humanity. I think, if Jesus had foreknown that by and by men would set him in the place of God, would fall down to him and worship him,—would sing to him, "Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All"; plead with him, "All my help from thee I bring,"—if he could have foreseen how their theories would withdraw their trust and affection from the Father of all and fix them upon himself, it would have broken his heart. It was a weary day for the gospel when Christ was substituted for the Father as the dearest object of

human gratitude and love and confidence. And it is to me as the returning sunlight after darkness and storm, it is as a welcome home-coming after a day of troubled service afield, to know that all these fears were vain, that it is only our imaginings that darkened God's love to us, that human souls were never in the jeopardy they talked of, and there is God, our God, still "greater than our hearts, knowing all things," grieved that we so little understand "the wideness of his mercy," and can consent to go wandering off after these poor fancies, yet still seeking us, and all day long "stretching out his hands to us as to a disobedient and gainsaying people."

But there is the misgiving that comes into the mind of every man who knows himself: that he has made to God so poor a return for all his love; he has taken the good of life too often without a thought of the heaven that sent it; he has murmured when he has been called on to tread the rougher ground and bear the heavier burden; his broken resolutions of right are there to witness against him; before the Eternal Holiness he has nothing to plead; his own heart condemns him. Has Christ a helping word to speak to him there? Will he tell us, as part of his "good news," what we may do with this burden of our sin? His answer comes most tellingly home to us in "the best of all the parables," the parable of the Prodigal.

That one lesson is worth a million times more than all the "theories of salvation" that theological speculation ever devised. Nowhere in all the gospel story is human nature more faithfully portrayed, with its ignorant wilfulness and wrong-headedness, with the unspoiled love of the dear old home still haunting the heart. And nowhere have we a more touching image of the patient pity of God. I thank God that here, in what is "most genuine of the genuine" in all the gospel records, we have it from the lips of Christ himself,—the gospel truth that God forgives; that not sin itself can alienate the Father's love from his child; and that for every prodigal there is ever waiting a Father's welcome home. And what I feel is that, while I can clasp that thought to my heart and spell my way along by the light of it, so long I am in the way of wisdom, my faith is safe, my hope is sure, God is my rock. And, if I forsake it, all my life is darkened. And what, as a Christian teacher, I feel is that, with that weapon in my hand, I may go into battle with the demons of unthankfulness and unfaithfulness and unbrotherliness and doubt of God with some reasonable hope that I shall not labor altogether in vain; and, if I let my faith go, I fall from my place, and I have no work in hand that is worth going on with. And of a Sunday I have no wisdom but to think out, as nearly as I can, how the confidence of the Father's love can meet and answer each man's need, and to commend the faith I hold to any who will let me speak to them, so that none shall go empty away. It is in this thought of truth, in this thought of service, that I for my humble part find the meaning of the gospel, the heart and kernel of Christ's own belief, the sum of Christian faith: that God is love, and man may trust him.

We may take the lesson up, and think it out into detail, and see what it means for any rights we may claim and any duties we are called to; but in all things let us hold by it, testing by it every thought of providence here and every expectation of life to come, knowing that, if they ring not in harmony with it, they are false. See, we are very ignorant, very wilful: even as we speak, our life is hurrying on to its certain close, and there will be a day when we, too, shall "go to our long home, and the mourners shall go about the streets." For all the world could give me, I would not hold the thought of some who have darkened counsel by words without knowledge; and I thank God for the faith that he will be to me as good as Christ's promise. And I would keep the light of that faith ever bright and clear; and I would try to reach out a guiding hand to others, and lead them to the light,—knowing "in part," prophesying "in part,"—till the days of my prophesying are ended, and I know at last "even as also I am known."

Religion is not a method: it is a life, a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits; a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows.—*Amiel.*

MAN A FACTOR IN EVOLUTION.

Nature includes human nature. Man is a part of the creation. For good or ill, man and all the earth-things that are, are interrelated and woven together, are at ascent or descent with one another. The whole of man is nourished from nature. The fields and seas feed him. The fields and the forests clothe him, and shelter him from the storm. The earth yields for him its increase, not simply in the food that keeps the fires of his life at their flames, but in the fuels which fight the winters for him, and make those furnace fires out of which his great material civilization is wrought. That the beasts of the field and the birds of the air are our brothers is evidenced in many a likeness. They are flesh and bone as we are flesh and bone. Their crimson streams of life are kept at their full, as ours, by that which they feed upon. They joy and sorrow and die as we. Our relations are subtler than being mere food-brothers to these, than having the creation minister unto our bodily thirsts and hungers. In that subtle thing we call character, creation is in us; and we are in creation. No trait of man's character is, but that you find its counterpart in nature, a symbol of it, a reality of it, in the qualities of the earth we call matter, in the things that creep and fly, in the things that swim and walk. They have fashioned us. Out of them as fibre the fabric of ourselves is woven. I think it is true that we have fashioned them, that we are the fibre out of which the fabric of themselves is woven. We may not be the direct causation of them, as so much human nature fed out and embodying itself in snake or bird, in iron or gold, in fish or horse, so much human nature becoming coarse-voiced crow, so much of our human nature going forth and becoming the lily, singing the sweetness of itself to the summer winds. And yet, if creation means man, if through all these nature-forces he has grown up into the consciousness of himself, if he is the divine ideal being worked out by the Creator-mind through all this evolution that lies back of him, nature-things have not only determined man, but man has determined nature-things. Because there was to appear in him greed like the swine, that swinishness must be a part of the nature which fashioned him, entering into him, a determining factor. Because there was to appear in him grace like the lamb, there had to be in nature the lamblike, entering into him, a determining factor. When anything is made, that thing is ideal in the mind of the maker, enters into the earliest and simplest things of its making, determining them because they are to determine it. The ideal of man in which creation began and toward and into which evolution moves must have determined the nature of the original protoplasm and all the natures and forms that have issued out of it.

So I say that not only has nature been the fibres weaving the fabric of man, but man has been the fibres weaving the fabric of nature. What we are has been the determination of everything that lies back of us in all the process of our becoming, just as certainly as all that lies back of us in the process of evolution has been the determination of us.

Nature fashions us. There is that in what lies without us which has compelled us to think and choose and act, and has made us intelligent men. By that compulsion we have become statesmen, educators, mathematicians, inventors, philosophers, religionists, men of enterprise, discoverers, creators,—all this which we call intellectual man at the problems of his civilization. The awe in the storm, the rest in the peace of nature, the beauty of blossom and bird, of sunset and sea, became subtle in man as emotion and thought; and he became philosopher, poet, artist. The joyousness of life about him, the tragedies of forest and field, became subtle in him as emotion and thought, and issued into that rounded character which, like the earth, lies in its hemispheres of light and darkness alternating, and makes the seasons by which is the fulfilment of itself. The faces of his fellows alight with love, the tenderness of wife's and children's eyes, became subtle in him as emotion and thought, and enlarged him into that humaneness, that loving kindness and tender mercy, which is humanity's chief and growing glory. Nature played into him and upon him, and has made him to be that music of himself to which nature is marching into new kingdoms of power and great glory, even as

man fashions his violin, entering into it with his fashioning genius, and making for himself a new world of delight and goodness, a new and fascinating expression of himself.

And here, too, the reverse is true. Action and interaction make nature and human nature one, each life-blood and meaning to the other. Man lovingly interprets the nature that lies outside of him, and gives a fulfilment and meaning to sunset and sea, to forest and field, to all this that has its richest blossom in him through that subtle feeling and thought, crystallizing into character in a human nature.

Nature does some of its best work when human nature co-operates with it. Some of its greatest powers are released by the intelligent co-operation of man. There is many a fine thing she can do with man's help, but cannot do without it. She can blush into a finer grape. She can run and pull into a finer horse. She can give herself up to become an engine with fire in its heart, the breath of steam in its nostril, racing the continents with its thousand-ton burdens, as nature alone could not do, the wind and the sunlight swifter, but they unburdened, light and airy in themselves. With man's help she can do greater wonders with the lightning than making the clouds awful with its splendors. With man's help she yields her metals unto machinery that, in its way, is as wonderful as her oaks and lilies. What we call her life, which is in a gnat or an eagle, a grass-blade or an oak, in man becomes great in emotion and thought and deed, becomes a civilization, a literature, an art, becomes truth and heroism and love, surcharged with a thought of God that is sublime with all the sublimity of nature transfigured. The thought by which a squirrel builds its nest, warms it, and provisions it against the winter, is doubtless closely akin to the thought with which Shakspere fashions his plays and Edison makes his inventions, nature in the one, and in the other a thinking grace; but, in the thought of Shakspere and Edison, nature outgrandeurs herself beyond her thought in the provident squirrel. Nature at love in the breast of the mother-sparrow is one with nature at love in the heart of the Christ,—the yearning unselfishness, the passion for the good and gain of others, singing in tune, and no discord at all sundering them; but nature yearning over the world in the passioning tenderness of Jesus outgrandeurs herself beyond her passioning tenderness in the breast of a mother-bird.

Not that this fact belittles the nature without man, but rather that it greatens it, fulfilling it, glorifying it, giving it diviner and more deathless meaning. Simply that again we see in a perspective, some little different, the truth that man enters into nature, interpreting it, giving it these greater and diviner meanings, giving nature a place within himself, that he may become its greater glory. Simply that we front the earth-old fact that nature and human nature are one, complement to each other, fashioning each other, fulfilling each other. And so it is that we can never understand the one without the other. So it is that man does not evolve alone as something separate from nature, as something added to nature; but he evolves by the help of nature, through nature, as a part of nature. So it is that nature does not evolve without man, as something apart from him or as something added to him. He is in nature as the thing it is evolving, and so as a factor determining it, he the idea and ideal by which nature has come to be what it is, he the fruit unto which nature aspires, all her forces and qualities mingling and conspiring together until man should be. And, when he came to be, he has turned about and, not only in himself as nature's greater glory, but by co-operating with her, has helped her to become a greater fulness of life, has released many of her forces, that they may take on new forms of creation and service. Imprisoned in nature, he had but a yearning for liberation into his self-consciousness, but a voice to cry out after his freedom. Nature heard this voice. She opened up his prison and set him free; and he now is not only served by nature, but in many ways serves nature, helping on her greater glory. And whether or not this is what the writer of Romans meant we do not know, though doubtless he glimpsed this great truth. Certainly, he has given us a great sentence under which we may set forth its truth, when he says, "The earnest expectation of the creation longeth for the manifestation of the sons of God." Is not this just the truth, that nature, with a mother heart long-

ing for children, yearned for man until man appeared, not only her son, but the Son of God, an interpretation of her and also of the life and love absolute which lay behind her, and compelled her unto her pangs and gladnesses in begetting man?

All this being true, there is resting upon man the holy obligation to help nature, to make her life sweeter and cleaner and kinder, to make her life greater, to free her from all shames and cruelties; to turn back to her with a great and splendid gratitude for what she hath wrought, and let free all her hidden graces, helping all her mud to glorify into lilies; healing all her wounds, binding up all her heart-break, and making not a tooth or a talon, a sword or a bullet, any more red with a brother's blood. Just as nature's deeper and grander heart appeared in Jesus, the very heavens above breaking out in angel voices, the very earth beneath leaping up into shepherds' psalms that the great event had come, singing the tender holiness of "peace on earth and good will among men," so comes to man the holiest and divinest obligation of his nature and his being, to fulfil this greater and grander heart of nature in himself, to help it fulfil in others and to make every little heart that beats out the threnodies and glees of its life partaker of the Christ's kindness at the hands of its stronger and greater brother.

This transformation of nature by man, this evolving of it through man as one of its psychical elements, into a sweet pure blossom of kindness and mercy and truth, is not an idle dream of an idle sentiment. It only seems so because of distorted vision,—that vision's one eye has been distorted by theology, the other has been distorted by modern science. Theology has given us an idea of God as an imperious selfish will, of man as a sinning, selfish failure, of creation as a present cruelty, the result of sin, and issuing into an endless cruelty of hell. So far as these ideas have crushed out the simple loves and tendernesses of the human heart and become regnant in the race of man, they have emphasized cruelty and selfishness, and begotten despair in the human heart. A perfect kindness lies outside of their shadowed dreams, of their nightmares of a deathless pain.

Science has not succeeded in doing much better. It has done us the service of calling us back from dream to reality, of enlarging our outlook upon the history of nature and of man. But it has not seen large and true, because its sight has been an exaggeration, missing and failing to emphasize certain all-important facts and factors in the evolution of nature and of man. It has seen nature as a struggle and a bloody and cruel battle-field, in which the fittest survived and the fittest were the strongest. "Nature red in tooth and claw," nature monstrous with cruelty, is what the eye of modern science beheld,—so monstrous that at its facts and theories a shudder went through the human heart when the first strong voices spake out, and said what modern science says. That the Church shrank from this word, and battled against it with a kind of blind fury, and often with a sad foolishness, is not to be wondered at; nor is this so much to the Church's discredit as the common and careless thought believes; nor have the interpretations of this attitude of the Church by scientific thinkers been creditable to them, because it has not been honest and thorough science.

In microscopy the first thing a pupil has to learn is to distinguish between moving particles that are not life and moving particles that are life. It takes a patient and thorough training to see true, even with the help of a microscope. The scientists who have condemned the Church mistook the meaning of the Church's attitude as much as a new eye at the microscope might mistake some dead and moving matter particle for the living microbe itself. They should have looked deeper into the attitude of the Church, with more perfect and scientific eye, which would have led them not only to do justice to the Church, but, if they had been ready to recognize all of man as a part of nature, their eyes might have opened unto a factor in the evolution of nature to which they have been too strangely blind. They saw in the attitude of the Church simply the old selfish instinct of self-preservation, men afraid they would lose their power, ministers and priests afraid they would lose position and pay. To so read the Church is to misread it, is to proclaim the reader unscientific and discredited as to the ability to clearly see and report facts. The attitude of the Church was the splendid mother-instinct. It was all the kindness

and mercy and unselfish loves and heroisms of the human heart crying out against the vision of cruelty, against the despair of selfish murder by which it was said everything had become, and in which everything must abide, no creation without it at all. It was the truth of all the gracious nature-facts and factors in the evolution of nature and man, at their blossom in the heart of man, crying out against the falsehood, against the misrepresentation. A true scientist would have taken this light in the heart of the Church whose flame was trembling in the winds that came from the Æolus caves which modern science had unsealed, and with it have gone searching through nature for the lost facts, searching through the darknesses and despairs for the lost truth of unselfish love, able to kindle anew in the human heart all its deathless loves and hopes and heroisms.

The scientists themselves felt the shadow of this great cruelty by which nature had come to be. Prof. Wallace, "codiscoverer with Darwin of the principle of natural selection," wrote a book by which he claimed there was not the suffering in nature there seemed. He says, "There is good reason to believe that the supposed torments and miseries of animals have little real existence, but of the imagined sensations of men and women in similar circumstances; and that the amount of actual suffering caused by the struggle for existence among animals is altogether insignificant." The conviction of Mr. Huxley, however, that nature is a monstrous cruelty, will not so be placated. Some of his words are: "the moral indifference of nature"; "the unfathomable injustice of the nature of things." "For this successful progress, as far as the savage state, man has been largely indebted to those qualities which he shares with the ape and tiger." "For thousands and thousands of years before the origin of the oldest known civilizations, men were savages of a very low type. They strove with their enemies and their competitors; they preyed upon things weaker or less cunning than themselves; they were born, multiplied without stint, and died for thousands of generations, alongside of the mammoth, the urus, the lion, and the hyena, whose lives were spent in the same way; and they were no more to be praised or blamed on moral grounds than their less erect and more hairy compatriots. . . . Life was a continual free fight; and, beyond the limited and temporary relations of the family, the Hobbesian war against each and all was the normal state of existence. The human species, like others, flashed and floundered amid the general stream of evolution, keeping its head above water as it best might, and thinking neither of whence nor whither." And, strange to say, this great evolutionist denies man, in his present social and ethical life, as a factor in nature's evolution at all. He says: "Cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature. . . . Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another which may be called the ethical process, the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be fittest, in respect to the whole of the conditions which exist, but of those who are ethically the best." (Prof. Huxley, as quoted in the "Ascent of Man.")

Over against this distorted emphasis, some overlooked, or perhaps we should say underlooked and under-emphasized, factors in evolution must be seen and said,—the fact that the struggle for life is always and necessarily accompanied by what Prof. Drummond called "the struggle for the life of others." These other facts, clearly observed and emphatically said, will show that what we call the religion of humanity is the religion not simply of human nature, but of nature. All the loving-kindness and tender mercy and splendid self-renunciation for the good and gain of others which we associate with religious man is in every bit of protoplasm struggling with life, in every life-form evolved and working out its destiny of growth and decay. All life is vibrant and trembling with just that love and self-sacrifice for the gain of others which we call Christianity. When these facts are all in evidence, it will be found that Christianity is not a startling innovation from the sky, a special creation of a new order, but just the unfolding into one great and splendid man of nature-graces which were and are a part of every leaf and life that sighs and sings in revealing in themselves nature's deepest and truest heart and God's holiest and most loving fatherhood.

The ascent of life is by the law of self-

surrender. The soil surrenders itself, that the grass and trees may abound. These again surrender themselves, or the fruits their diligences have wrought, that the beast may walk the earth and the birds may fly the air. Darwin emphasized but half the truth in this strife and struggle of nature by which the fittest survive. He saw and said how nature-things feed upon each other, as invasion, cruelty, conquest. But as potentially and universally present is there this fact of the surrender of self unto the growth and gain of the surviving fittest. That it is not a voluntary self-surrender is not now the point. Simply this: I say that the ascent of life is by individual lives surrendering themselves, that other individual lives may live. Sacrifice to others is the grace by which every nature-thing is alive to-day. The ascent of life has been just because of the countless ones who have joined

"The choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again"

in the music of other life, of higher life, just as the rich and joyous blossom fades away and dies because its life has been built over again in the fruit whose generous heart holds the countless trees that may become.

The ascent of life, so coming, is necessarily accompanied by a surrender other than a surrender by compulsion,—tooth-red in the unwilling blood of a weaker brother,—even a voluntary self-surrender for the good and gain of others. Religion had the idea that the gods in their insatiable cruelty demanded sacrifice. This was an easy conclusion from the facts all about us that the stronger make such demands upon the weaker; but in the thought of men it became voluntary, became an act of righteousness, not unmingled with love and the rudiments of ethical grandeur.

There came into this idea of religion the idea of one giving himself up to the demands of the gods to procure safety and blessings for his brothers. If we had its full history, pagan life would be pathetic in its self-surrender,—in the voluntary self-surrender of men to appease the wrath of offended deities, and bring safety to peoples and tribes. Even this pagan pathos has entered into Christianity, and made of Jesus the great immolation to the wrath that hates the world unto destruction, that that world might be saved from that destroying wrath. But this is not the true meaning of Christianity. Jesus teaches a voluntary self-surrender, not to appease wrath, but to bless man and enlarge human life. All this compelled surrender in nature, which modern science sees as such a frightful cruelty, Jesus gathered up into himself, and made voluntary, flushing the sky of man with what seems a new and radiant dawn. But he so gathered this up into this voluntary self-surrender for the good and gain of others, simply because it was the other half of that struggle and survival which modern science so vividly sees. Jesus is not an innovation projected into nature, but an unfoldment of that which is in nature everywhere and always, in the ascending struggling lives, its loveliness often hidden in horrors, as in the heart of storms is the power to awaken the sunbeams into rainbows.

Jesus has brought to the light another nature-fact. The truer Christianity, even the Christianity of Jesus himself, conceives God, not as insatiable selfishness, who, like the horse-leech's daughter, eternally cries, "Give, give," his throne red with the blood of his victims, the winds about him clamorous with the cries of the helpless creatures of his wrath: not that does Jesus teach, but that God is an everlasting love, an eternal unselfishness, giving himself up in joyous and glad self-surrender, that all things may become, that all hearts may have glee and threnody. He gives up something of himself, that the rain may fall, the sun shine, and the harvests grow. The sparrow at its song is the joy of God's self-surrender: at its death it is the pang of his self-surrender. As in nature, the eyes of all wait upon him; and he gives them their meat in due season, that whose hunger is satisfied is the joy of God's self-surrender, that whose life is surrendered to the tooth and claw of the satisfied is the pang of that same self-surrender. God abdicates himself; and that abdication becomes grass and trees, the herds in the fields and the flocks in the air. That abdication becomes self-conscious man, ever at the problems of his being. It is an abdication, a self-limitation, a self-defacement, in certain spheres; but it

is these because something of God has gone forth in positive gift to everything that lives.

The part of himself sacrificingly surrendered is the positive graciousness of everything that lives.

God has abdicated himself so that he might become individual in me, so that in my measure of nature I might have my freedom and my life just as I am having them,—God in me and I in him, each the limitation of the other, each the fulfilment of the other.

When this new Christianity gains the full conviction of man, death will be swallowed up in victory, and we will read the evolution of nature, the ascent of man, in a new and tenderer light. The self-sacrifice of God, that he might create, will shine everywhere with a great glory,—the lily at once the sacrifice of himself and the fulfilment of himself,—just his dear self-surrender by which he gives something of the splendor of himself in adaptation to our ability to receive. The little child that blesses our home is at once the sacrifice of himself and the fulfil ment of himself,—the dear self-surrender by which he gives to us a part of his everlasting glory in a wise and tender indirection by which we can see and receive it.

This truth of the unselfishness of God, which I have glimpsed for you, is not an airy nothing, having no local habitation and name in the creation of nature and of man.

It is positively and universally a part of nature and of life. It is, if not the overlooked, then the underlooked fact of evolution. What Drummond calls the struggle for the lives of others, the evolution of the mother and the father of the family, the society, the state, by a voluntary self-surrender in the service of each other, will yet have its fuller and clearer vision, correcting the one-sided Darwinian emphasis.

It will be found that the unselfish kindness of love is as great and positive a factor of life as the struggle and greed and cruelty which alone some eyes seem fitted to see, which so overwhelmed the vision of some that the dear other facts did not bless the eager eyes.

It will then be known that ethical and Christian man is not a projection from without, but an unfoldment from within nature; that man at his highest and in his aspiring ideals must have his fact-place in any evidence and theory of evolution worthy of credence.

We are learning to give present man his place in the evolution of nature. Heretofore we have somehow excluded him, and only talked about the place of savage man and the lower orders of creation in this wonderful evolution of processes. When we have come fully to this recognition, Jesus and Christianity will have to be reckoned with as factors in evolution, as parts of the nature-forces and their creation. Even if you call Jesus a legend, man as a part of nature and evolution has imagined him, has given birth to him out of the great passioning human heart,—not an innovation from beyond the skies, but just the unfolding of the loving, hungering heart of man; and in the evolution of nature and human nature dreams are not idlings of the brain that pass in the night. They are,—that they may awaken in the life, in the character,—they are the leaders of creation's new achievements. They are the new necessities upon which man will work, which in their turn will work upon man, until there is evolution into new powers, new natures, new graces of being.

"The earnest expectation of the creation longeth for the manifestation of the sons of God,"—not only waiteth for this manifestation, but worketh for it,—it just the fruit of the patient and suffering toil as well as of the patient and long-suffering waiting for nature's higher and diviner fruitage to appear in men who are high enough to be called the sons of God. Jesus is nature's ideal toward which it is working. Loving, self-sacrificing, Christian man is the goal toward which nature's feet eagerly press. No theory of evolution is correct unless it admits, as one of its facts, present man with his achievements, his aspirations, and his ideals. When this is done, the latest and greatest book, interpreting man and giving ideals for man, will be as much and patiently studied for the understanding of the evolution and meaning of man as a fossil from the earth's deeps, or a blossom on the bough of a tree, as much as the motions of a microbe under the microscope or the contours and convolutions of the brain. The latest novel, so alive with our humanity, so realizing the hidden man who is hiding or revealing in us all, will be as much in evidence as the

latest species of bacteria. Then such a great and altruistic creation as Pete, the Manxman, will show what is in nature struggling for expression, evolving out of it. You will remember the great unselfishness with which he loved and trusted, suffered and served, when he had lost all to the friend of his childhood, and, according to the lower ethical code, would have been justified in spurning Philip and Kate,—justified even in taking their lives at the hands of his outraged honor. He does nothing of the kind, but is true to those underlooked facts of evolution which in philosophy we call altruism, in society the love and service of others, in religion Christianity,—true to the new man dawning upon the world with a greater clearness, but yet not apart from the world and human nature, but a part of it, its legitimate outgrowth and fruitage.

Will you remember some of his parting words with the man who had so deeply wronged him, and whom a less noble heart would have thought of as a despicable man to be despised and killed; but, by the truth and honor in himself, by the noble and unselfish greatness he was, he knew that truth and honor were in Philip however dark the seeming was? He had lost everything to Philip but his own great-heartedness, tender, true, unselfish, a very son of God,—for which the whole creation had been travailing in pain together, working, waiting, longing for his manifestation. So he says, in his splendid self-surrender for the good and gain of Philip and Kate:—

"'Sorry to be going away just before your own great day, Phil. I'll get the skipper to fire a round as we're steaming by Castletown; and, if there is a band aboord, I'll tip them a trifle to play "Myle Charaine." That'll speak to you like the blackbird's whistle, as the saying is. Looks like deserting you, though. But chut! it would be no surprise to me at all. I've seen it coming these years and years. "You'll be the first Manxman living," says I the day I sailed before. You've not deceaved me, neither. D'ye remember the morning on the quay, and the oath between the pair of us? Me swearing you same as a high bailiff,—nothing and nobody to come between us,—d'ye mind it, Phil? And nothing has, and nothing shall.'

"He puffed at his pipe, and said significantly: 'You'll be getting married soon. Aw, you will, I know you will, I'm sarten sure you will.'

"Philip could not look into his face. He felt little and mean.

"'You're a wise man, sir, and a great man; but, if a plain common chap may give you a bit of advice— Aw, but you'll be losing no time, though. I'll not be here myself to see it. I'll be on the water, maybe, with the waves washing agen the gun'ale, and the wind rattling in the rigging, and the ship burrowing into the darkness of the sea. But I'll be knowing it's morning at home, and the sun shining, and a sort of a warm quietness everywhere, and you and her at the ould church together.'"

Such is a true, true son of God, for whom the groaning and travailing creation waiteth and worketh, longing for his revelation; for out of that very creation is such as he born, its true part, its glorious blossom. Such ideals stirring our hearts is a part of nature, a factor in the evolution and ascent of man.

To the full understanding of the evolution of nature and human nature Jesus must be admitted as a factor, and Pete the Manxman. As much as the anthropoid ape is a factor in evolution, so much, but with a higher glory, is this human hunger by a generous, suffering self-surrender, to live for others, which is fulfilling in literature and life, and which George Eliot has phrased for us thus:—

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence,—live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end in self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

For "the earnest expectation of the creation longeth for the manifestation of the sons of God." JOHN M. SCOTT.

Ithica, N.Y.

As love is the life of faith, so, with the increase of love, faith increases. Even from man toward man faith and love grow together. The more we love, the more we understand and trust each other.—*Dr. Pusey.*

RESIGNATION.

Father of men, whose mercy is unfailing,
Children of men unfailing mercy need;
Envy and greed and selfishness prevailing,
Weakness and folly shown in thought and deed.

What but thy grace can pardon our transgressing?
What but thy mercy pity our defeats?
Goodness of God, man's wrong forever blessing,
Infinite might, which finite lack completes!

Vainly we seek for peace and satisfaction;
Life's sweetest joys fade like its fairest flowers:
Peace is not found in ease or eager action,
Contentment comes not in serenest hours.

Our feeble mind thy power vainly gauges,
Our troubled soul thy glory cannot see;
But yet, O God of all the worlds and ages,
We feel within ourselves a spark of thee!

Thou who, our highest thoughts and hopes instilling,
Hast circumscribed by mortal time and space,
Wilt to the unfulfilled yet grant fulfilling,
And perfect all in fulness of the days.

To all man's doubts shall come some sure solution,
All earthly failures shall be proved success,
And what we dreamed of as some fair illusion,
In clear reality, our hopes shall bless.

Thus, Lord of all, thy goodness humbly trusting,
What seems so dark and crooked now, when known
We hope shall be, by thy benign adjusting,
A straight and shining path of blessing shown.

Be with us, then, when cruel doubts assail us,
When disappointments come, or thoughts of ill:
If all our dearest hopes and comforts fail us,
Be thou, O God, our hope and comfort still.

HERBERT H. YEAMES.

A CONFESSIONAL.

A DIALOGUE.

I.

"No strain the human soul can endure is much harder than he endures therein who would fain consent to worship at the shrine of his race, but who finds the image, so sacred once, so venerable always, fallen down and shattered, like Dagon of old, and himself standing alone and awe-struck in the temple of the world, with naught save the Urim and Thummim on his own breast whereon to read the oracles of God."—*F. P. Cobbe, "Dawning Lights,"* p. 32.

"In that case, I wonder how you can have hope at all."

John Whiting uttered these words sadly to Eustace Gordon as they walked in the sunshine of the mild March afternoon through the old gate of St. Sebastian at Rome.

The young clergyman, it must be said, had not sought out his friend and persuaded him to take this long ramble for nothing. Since his arrival in Rome he had been forming his own conclusions regarding Gordon, suspecting that there was more amiss with him than the ill-health which had sent him across the ocean; and his present attempt to aid him, in the spirit of a good Samaritan, had for its immediate cause something which had occurred that very morning.

It was the first Sunday in March; and Whiting, as usual, attended the sacramental service at the Episcopal church, where, from the rather humble seat he persistently occupied in all strange places of worship, he, not without some surprise, beheld Gordon enter with a party of friends from his hotel, with whom he remained sitting until after the sermon, when he, not in the least to his clerical friend's surprise, quitted them, and was lost from sight among the crowd streaming toward the door.

What part an agnostic, or one at least who passes for such, may presume to take in an orthodox service, is a point far from settled, and calling forth discussion upon every side, while, like all unsettled questions, giving rise meanwhile to every variety of individual practice. Whiting's own kind heart was here at variance with his too-well-trained head, accustomed to view such matters from an ultra-High Church standpoint, so that the compassion he could not but feel for those whom he necessarily regarded as perilling their souls by wilfully stumbling out into the dark was rendered harsh and bitter often by too keen a sense of what he deemed his priestly duty; and the conflict thus arising in his sensitive and conscientious spirit weighed him down.

As Whiting, toward the end of the communion, was returning from the chancel, his eyes, though not permitted to wander about, involuntarily caught sight of Eustace Gordon, kneeling quite alone, in a pew as far as possible out of the way, near the door. Slowly moving down the aisle, he could not help quickly scanning his friend's countenance, which a stranger might indeed have noticed for its fixed, sad expression,

reverent, though not unmixed with a certain air of melancholy questioning as he knelt supporting his head upon his clasped hands, watching from afar the touching and familiar rite in which his early friend would have now deemed him unqualified to join.

Whiting, in spite of this, with his own human sympathies freshly quickened by the solemn service, felt just then as if he would like to go up to Eustace Gordon and take his place beside him, filled as he was with memories of their youthful days, of Sundays like this, of early faith that for himself had brightened and deepened, while for his friend it had faded and dwindled and been cast aside. Had it all been wilfully cast aside? Was it Gordon's own doing? or had he been, as it were, poisoned in the very life-blood of his soul by those germs of doubt and agnosticism floating in the air until his whole heart was faint? All this rushed through John Whiting's mind as he beheld those sad eyes fixed as though in silent appeal to some invisible Judge, looking far away beyond the rows of worshippers, beyond the altar itself, as if he were seeking to penetrate into the real depths of spiritual meaning that lay behind the forms. Whether Gordon in that brief moment saw him he could not tell.

Whiting slipped into his seat, but throughout the short remainder of the service he could neither think nor pray about any one else than Gordon; and he inwardly vowed that he would seek him out that very day, and try whether he might help to do him any good. He quitted the church at the earliest possible moment; but, when he looked round for Gordon in that remote pew so near the door, he was gone.

John Whiting, though a clergyman who, in the pulpit, never shrank from boldly uttering whatever he thought he ought to speak, was in private unusually reserved in talking upon religious subjects, so that this resolve was not made without a genuine tinge of the spirit of martyrdom. He made up his mind, once for all, to listen calmly to whatever heterodox things Gordon might choose to say, and also to speak with a frankness and fulness which, to a sensitive man, seemed like having his heart torn out. He would have greatly preferred to spend that Sunday afternoon in church. His own will was therefore yielded up to the call of friendship and duty not without a real sacrifice. He called upon Gordon some hours later, finding him glad to see his old friend of school and college, and ready to join him in a ramble out beyond the walls of Rome.

They took one of the light carriages always waiting in the neighboring piazza, and drove until they reached the Porta San Sebastiano when, dismissing their vehicle, they started to walk; and Whiting, his heart in his mouth, contrived to open the intended conversation, he himself could scarcely have told in what words.

He had half-expected to find Gordon angry, and to see him shut himself up in more than his usual reserve. It was a relief when his companion, turning toward him with his rapid and searching glance, replied:—

"And if I were to tell you all that is in my own mind, as you profess to wish to hear it, would not you think me very little better than the Emperor Julian, the Apostate, after all?"

"I only wish to hear you talk openly, without jesting," answered the clergyman, with mildness that was not assumed.

His calmness won upon Gordon, who really wished to avoid giving him pain, and knew but too well that, if once obliged to utter a full statement of his opinions, such a thing as sparing him would be impossible. Like John, he was haunted by early memories, and was not so absorbed in himself as to be unconscious of the acute sadness which his friend evidently suffered on his account.

"You wish to hear me talk openly, without jesting," Gordon repeated; "but my allusion to the imperial apostate, whom even you High Churchmen must own to have been a fine fellow, was needed, in order to prepare you for whatever your demand may compel me to speak."

"Then you call yourself an agnostic?" said Whiting, in a tone full of sadness and regret.

"I do not call myself one: the melodious Greek word now so fully bestowed upon all free thinkers is yet, I trust, too stern in its denials to be willingly assumed even by one who, whatever be his unbeliefs, is no rough iconoclast, no enemy of devotion, but"—and here Gordon paused an instant, with a sigh—"one who, amid all the doubts of his

brain, holds fast to the one instinctive hope which arises and dwells less in the brain than in the heart."

"In that case, I wonder how you can have hope at all."

It was hardly the Christian who spoke in Whiting just then: it was rather the priest, full of systems of faith and dogmatic theology, one whose tastes and habits, moreover, stimulated him, even more than he was aware, to embrace whatever bore the stamp of authority, and to condemn as amateurs in religion all those unfortunates who persisted in thinking for themselves. The cold words cast a shadow over Gordon; but he rallied, reflecting that the mere fact of a High Churchman condescending to begin upon such topics with one whom he considered an agnostic should embolden him to give free vent to his long-hidden thoughts.

"You ask me what I believe," he resumed. "It will not take you long to learn. My position is simply that which is now held by thousands of intelligent men and women in Christian countries, so that, whatever I may say, there is in it nothing original, or that you, in all probability, have not often heard before."

"You believe in God?" gently asked the clergyman, slightly reassured by this preamble, and putting the solemn question of questions in the mildly searching tone of a physician who is endeavoring to soothe.

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth," said Gordon, with deep earnestness. "The first clause of your creed, at any rate, will do for me."

"And what then?" proceeded Whiting, in a scarcely audible voice, turning his mild grave eyes upon his friend as if he would like to search him through and through.

"Will you tell me, John, whether you think that the tablet on yonder wall, with its Latin inscription recording how, at that very spot, Saint Peter and Saint Paul bade each other farewell on their way to martyrdom, is the genuine record of a fact; whether you believe that on the site of the church of '*Domine, quo vadis?*' Saint Peter, fleeing from Rome and persecution, met his Lord, and asked him whither he was going, and himself returned to his own post in shame; and whether you think that Saint Paul's head, cut off where the church of the '*Tre Fontane*' stands, actually gave three little leaps, and a spring of water gushed out at each spot where it touched the earth?"

"You are jesting: you know that I cannot believe these to be anything more than poetic accretions growing up around a truth."

"And I, John, hold much of what you call dogma to be just a poetical accretion or, if you will, an exaggeration or a materialization of a spiritual reality. Do you remember a passage in Crabb Robinson's diary, where he tells Robertson of Brighton (whom you High Churchmen, by the way, utterly fail to appreciate) that, although he himself considered that the orthodox articles of faith, as generally understood, were false, yet he was not prepared to deny that all of them might rest upon the sure foundation of some spiritual truth?"

"I do not recall the passage: neither will I admit that we High Churchmen fail to appreciate Robertson; but I do maintain that very few High Churchmen would indorse the opinions expressed by an avowed Unitarian to a clergyman who, however great his merits, showed from first to last so little reverence, or none, for church authority."

"Church authority! There you always are, John!" cried Gordon, half in mirth and half in scorn. "Forgive me if I lose my patience at the word!"

"It is the old question of private judgment, which with your party simply means eclecticism," dryly answered John.

"You asked to hear, not what I doubted, but what I believed. I believe, then, in Christianity, not in the sense of a definite revelation, but in the sense of an evolution, because my own moral sense accepts its teachings—in the large, that is, and to be improved upon by greater minds in the future—as the best known system of moral philosophy. The fact of its main points being found in the maxims of Buddha, Zoroaster, and Confucius is to me an additional claim to its recognition as a system of ethics adapted to all mankind. I will go farther, and say that, even though it were generally admitted, as it is often suggested, that the entire gospel story may be a fiction, —most noble and beautiful, yet still a fiction,—it would not in the least diminish my own reverential love for its sacred teach-

ings, which, whether they be sprung from fact or fable, are yet the imperishable possessions of mankind, nor for the most sacred character of him of whom Theodore Parker once eloquently said that 'It would have taken a Jesus to forge a Jesus.'"

Gordon had talked rapidly, as he always did when excited, hardly looking at his companion, but gazing far out into the open plain of the wide Campagna all around. Soft afternoon sunshine shone across the desolate, romantic distance, and slanted upon the hard stones of the Appian Way along which they were slowly walking, at every step breathing more fully the first fresh scents of early Roman spring.

Whiting, listening with pain, but with the patient forbearance he had resolved upon beforehand, bowed his head almost imperceptibly at the mention of the sacred name, and involuntarily stood still a moment in silence. He fully saw that it was rather worse than useless to employ against Gordon the theological weapons he had come prepared to wield. He was outside of it all, polemically speaking, rejecting all traditional churchly authority,—a position which, in days gone by, might have easily exposed him to the harshest ecclesiastical discipline, but which in the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century could injure him no farther, civilly or canonically, than by causing a clergyman to excommunicate him or a layman to express fears for the salvation of his soul. The fact was plain, neither he nor his party, as he called them, could be dealt with in any way likely to affect their happiness as men or citizens, whatever the Church might see fit to say or do. Whiting, with all his fervent orthodoxy, was not a man who would ever have been very active in persecuting heretics; and his heart still yearning toward his friend, whom he knew to be one of those men whose strength lies less in the powers of logic and argument than in matters pertaining to the emotions, he inwardly resolved, not without relief, to give up attempting to fight out what he saw must prove an unsatisfactory war of words, wherein neither could convince the other, but each must continue, as it were, to brandish their weapons across an impassable abyss.

"You say," he began quietly, "that you believe in God. Here, however, you depart into I do not know what,—I will not pain you by giving it too harsh a name. Whether you can accept other clauses of that creed?"

"In one sense, John, most fully do I,—can I say *believe?*—I will say *hope* in the life everlasting, the forgiveness of sins, in the Holy Spirit, in the true Catholic Church,—yes, there I do most heartily believe in that one universal and eternal church militant which is 'the blessed company of all faithful people,' of all who strive toward the higher life, here, now, and of old, in all countries and in all worlds, and from which I solemnly and reverently defy all priests to cast me out."

He raised his head into the sunny air, and looked up again at the encircling and unbroken sky with something of the expression which John had seen upon his face that morning, filled as it was with earnest, questioning appeal, and with what even the clergyman could not but recognize as religious awe.

"If you seek other points," Gordon went on, "all I can say is that, like most persons, I can find a meaning for myself in almost every one of the great articles of faith. I do not, of course, mean the Thirty-nine Articles (which even the English Broad Churchmen own to be in dire need of remodelling, to suit the age), but in what you all, whether high or Broad Churchmen, term the cardinal points. I think, like the authors of 'Scotch Sermons,' that we are not descended from Adam and Eve, nor did that mythical pair involve their posterity in ruin by their fault. Neither, as necessarily follows, was it requisite that Christ should die, in order to save us from eternal punishment. No, John, I can only take it figuratively. I believe that we, being sinful, are in need of redemption and regeneration,—a deliverance from the tyranny of evil. And this real regeneration, this new birth, beautifully and symbolically expressed as it is and, I hope, ever will be in baptism,—what is it? What can even you Churchmen call salvation through Jesus Christ but the workings of the spiritual power of his holy life and doctrine upon human nature, purifying it by long, slow, painful, and often interrupted degrees, and thereby saving it, not from the literal hell now nearly abandoned even by the orthodox, but from the hell of misery caused by

chronic sin? And in the same broad, figurative way do I wrest a meaning from the doctrines of the incarnation, atonement, and others in a manner so fully owned as a self-evident interpretation of them by so many liberal minds, and undoubtedly so familiar to you that I am almost ashamed to repeat to you what you must have heard so often. I think likewise that redemption for mankind was found far more in Christ's life than in his death, of which the chief power lay, not in the ghastly and, I hope, nearly worn-out theory of a bloody sacrifice offered to an angry Deity, but in its being the completion of that life, the keystone of the structure, without which awful and sublime completion the story of that life would have lacked its most pathetic force to move the world."

"You are a Unitarian," said Whiting, mournfully; and the two walked on a little way in silence.

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

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*REASONS FOR SPREADING UNITARIANISM.**

The progress of Unitarian Christianity in our country leaves to those of its friends who take an enlarged view of the subject no reason to despond. On the contrary, when we call to mind that men now living can remember the day when the first Unitarian congregations in the United States were gathered, and then look at the number now calling themselves by our name, and the still larger number who hold the greater part of our doctrines, our first feeling should be of surprise at the rapidity with which our views have spread themselves.

But hitherto the progress of Unitarianism has owed little to the zeal of its friends. The majority of them have adhered most rigorously to the mistaken principle of letting the truth work its own way; and, if we except the labors of the Unitarian Association, which have necessarily been very limited, the few exertions which have been made to spread our faith have been confined to individuals, and carried on in a desultory way. The fate of what we believe to be Christian truth has been left to the operation of accidental causes, while we have sat quietly with our hands folded. We think that this is not as it ought to be; that we, as Unitarians, are not acting the part of philanthropists or of Christians; that so long as we remain in idleness we remain in sin. We should be up and doing.

We feel desirous of presenting to others the considerations which have brought us to this opinion; and the more so because we have ourselves been but lately led to feel their force, and think that they have been candidly examined by very few.

In the first place, we are bound to make our religious opinions known because we are persuaded of their truth.

Whatever argument can be brought for giving alms to the needy can be urged with double force for making efforts to impart the truth we possess to others. This is so, to some extent, of all truth, but above all of religious truth, because of its transcendent importance and its necessary connection with men's daily conduct. What should we think of the man who invented the plough if he had failed to make it known to others? Yet this case is trifling when compared with negligence in making known truth which is important to the soul. If we have no right to withhold from our fellow-men what would make their outward condition more prosperous, it is inexcusable in us to keep back that which would elevate and purify their spiritual nature. Truth is a trust from God, as much so as money or talents; and we are equally responsible to God for the manner in which we use it. We have no business to bury it in a napkin or hide it under a bushel: it is our duty to set it where it will enlighten all men. "That would all be very well," some one may say, "if we could be sure that we alone have the truth; but, in fact, others are as likely to be right as we." True: we do not pretend to infallibility, and therefore should not endeavor to force our opinions on others. But if, as we profess, we have arrived, after laborious investigation, at the firm conclusion that there are great errors in the prevalent theology, and that we have succeeded in finding a purer system, which is more consonant with Scripture, it is not the less our duty to make known the results of our labor. What we believe to be true

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* Reprinted from the *Unitarian* of March, 1834. See editorial note.

is truth to us, and has all the claims of truth upon us. We may quiet our consciences by saying that others have the Scriptures as well as we, and may examine them with as good a chance of success; but so long as we think that their researches have been less fortunate or less impartial than ours, or that they have not been made at all, we cannot get rid of our duty to impart to them our advantages and discoveries. This argument, though very old and much slighted, seems to us unanswerable. Like every other argument, however, it can be evaded. "We do not deny the force of your reasoning," it may be answered: "we feel the value of truth, and would gladly do anything to promote its diffusion. But, after all, we think it better to let truth work its own way. It will prevail at last."

It is very hard to give patient attention to such sophistry as this, yet it is thrown in our teeth every day. We shall not put ourselves out, however, to answer it, for we are satisfied that it is only an excuse for determined laziness; and, if it were removed, something equally ridiculous would be found to take its place. Besides, we think that it is generally used only by those who are not themselves fully "persuaded in their own minds" as to their religious opinions.

To such persons we do not speak. We exhort them to seek diligently after the truth, till they feel sure that they have found it; but until then, perhaps, it would be well that they should not attempt to teach others. We are confident that no one who feels the power of truth can rest in these or the like cold speculations. How would such an argument have sounded in the mouths of the apostles? Did they leave truth to take care of itself? Their lives spent in preaching it abroad are a sufficient answer to the question. No. They knew, and every sensible man knows, that, if all men are left to struggle through the tedious process of finding truth for themselves, truth will make but slow and uncertain progress; that it is a rare thing for an individual, if unaided and undirected, to throw off the shackles of long-received error; and to expect a whole community to do so would be little better than madness.

The course of God's providence in this respect is very plain. He reveals the truth to a few, and leaves it with them to declare it to the world. Let us, therefore, who think that we have found the truth, make it known to all men. Whether or not it will at last prevail is not the question that most nearly concerns us. It is in our power to hasten or to retard its progress, and there is no work half so glorious as that of hastening it.

Shall we, then, become a proselyting sect? In the popular sense, by no means. But why should a prejudice, arising from the existence of improper methods of spreading opinion, tie our hands from Christian exertion? It is not that we may make proselytes to our name, to swell the number of our churches at the expense of others, that we would labor. God forbid that any Christian should work from such unworthy motives. Our aim is higher. We are convinced that error is always hurtful; and, although multitudes of every sect and name may have risen above the clouds of false theology, so as to become examples to the world, we fear that where false creeds prevail the most pernicious influences are exerted on the mass of believers, and that such influences have a constant tendency to increase; and therefore we think that, in the prospect of making our fellow-men safer and happier and better, we have abundant reason to exert ourselves to the utmost. If any one think that Christianity would not have greater efficacy if our views of it were to prevail, we do not ask him to diffuse them; but we do ask him and require of him not to reproach with a proselyting spirit those who feel the beauty and power of our religion, and whose "heart's desire and prayer is" that it may be universal.

Let us, therefore send Unitarianism through the West and South. We need not fear but that it will be received by many of the present generation, and by multitudes of the rising one. Let us make a fair beginning, so that in every State of the Union it shall be known what Unitarianism is; and then we may hope for its spread. At the present time the knowledge of our views is very limited and imperfect. In many places where our name has been heard the most false notions are prevalent of our belief and character. In some places we are considered as no better than infidels, and it may be that we are thus unconsciously furnishing an example of unbelief.

Are we not bound to impart a more full knowledge of our doctrines, lest the hearsay of them may be doing mischief? And, again, are not we, who have done so much to spread that spirit of inquiry by which many have been led to the most fatal mistakes, bound to do much also to lead them to the knowledge of the infinite value of religion, by offering to them our divine faith in a form in which they can receive it? On whatever side we look we see new grounds of obligation to labor strenuously in diffusing our views of Christian truth. "But how shall men believe in what they have not heard? or how shall they hear except they have preachers? or how shall they preach except they be sent?" Let preachers, therefore, be sent to all parts of our country, till the voice of Unitarianism has reached all ears. We have been long enough deterred by the danger of sectarianism. We had better be sectarians than cold and unfeeling. We had better be too earnest to make men Unitarians than not to care to make them Christians. W. G. E.

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*AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.**

Seventy years ago, Wednesday, May 25, 1825, the American Unitarian Association was organized. The day before, without previous consultation, the British and Foreign Unitarian Association had been formed in London.

In that year Rev. Mr. Greenwood, who was just beginning his ministry at King's Chapel, discussed in a series of letters the resources and opportunities of the Unitarian churches of America. He counted in Massachusetts more than one hundred, in the rest of New England about ten, in the whole country about one hundred and twenty. There were some which he declined to classify, because it was not yet certain on which side of the line they would fall. There were some new congregations not yet thoroughly organized.

The first president of the Association was Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D.D.; the first vice-president, Hon. Joseph Story; directors, Rev. Messrs. Henry Ware, Jr., James Walker, Samuel Barrett; secretary, Rev. Ezra S. Gannett; and treasurer, Lewis Tappan,—historic names every one. In the first annual report acknowledgment was made of an income amounting to $1,812.17. Of this amount, for all purposes $885.20 was spent. The proceedings of those early days, with the record of the hopes, the anticipations, and the plans of our fathers, are exceedingly interesting. All were greatly interested in the Cambridge Divinity School, the erection of the building, and the dedication in 1826. The endowment of the *Christian Register* was a favorite project. Hope was excited by correspondence with Rammohun Roy, the eminent predecessor of Chunder Sen, Mozoomdar, and the other sages and saints who are now represented by the Brahmo-Somaj in India. All eyes were turned toward the West with the expectation of planting Unitarian Congregational churches in Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and other cities, then just springing into vigorous life and prosperity.

It has been often stated that Dr. Channing was not a friend of the new organization. The records disprove that statement. He did decline the office of president to which he was elected; but at the third and fourth annual meetings he made long and eloquent addresses, calling upon all the friends of religious liberty to combine to resist the encroachments of ecclesiastical tyranny and to assist in the spread of Unitarian Christianity. In impassioned speech he protested against the caution, the indifference, and the disorganizing spirit of those who hindered Unitarian progress. He said there seemed to be growing up among them "a party against party, a sect to suppress the sects, an army to fight for peace."

In 1830, when the work of the Association had begun to make itself felt, the executive committee reported in Massachusetts one hundred and forty-seven churches; in the rest of New England, thirty; in the other United States, sixteen; in all, one hundred and ninety-three churches with one hundred and forty-seven settled ministers. In 1835, so greatly had the Association prospered that its members resolved to attempt raising $10,000, to be expended in missionary work. In 1844 a new push was made; and

* Report from the board of directors, by the secretary, Rev. George Batchelor, read at the annual meeting in Boston, May 28, 1895.

it is interesting to note the fact that then, as now and always, women came forward to lead in the work. They organized breakfasts, fairs, and sales throughout the seacoast towns of New England. In Roxbury they raised $1,940, in Medford $1,500, in the four churches in Salem $3,200.

Since Dr. Channing's protest against the attempts made seventy years ago to restrain by legal means the progress of Unitarianism in Massachusetts, times have so greatly changed that we no longer fear legal restraint or social obloquy. But meanwhile our nation has grown to such an extent that our opportunity and duty have expanded beyond anything which could have entered the thought of the founders. The problems remain the same, but the applications are vastly more important. That which Channing and his coworkers were doing for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts we are called upon to do for a nation vast beyond their anticipation, and as yet only at the beginning of its great career. Our problems now are how to reach the heart and mind of a thinking democracy; how to keep steadily in view the growth of men and institutions under the law of righteousness which is the end for which all religious institutions exist; how to maintain the conditions of mental liberty while standing fast also in our loyalty to the truth which has made us free. Passing now our seventieth year, we are called upon to demand and to take a larger place in the life of the American republic.

The death of Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D., for thirteen years secretary of the Association, was the first loss of the kind in the history of our body. Reverent and affectionate tributes to his memory, to the worth of his character, and to the value of his services, have been put on record. One of his latest public appearances was at Harvard College on Commencement Day, when he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His sickness, beginning in August, and his death September 30, not only deprived your directors of the presence of a personal friend, but also took away their chief executive officer at a moment of great need. The National Conference had just come to a triumphant conclusion. The thrill of a new life was felt in our churches. All were moved to do something to correspond to our profession. The hopes and the specific plans and purposes of Dr. Reynolds had been buried with him. Sadly then, and somewhat in doubt, your directors faced the work of the year. They were busy men and women. It was impossible for them to give the time necessary for the carrying out of plans in consecutive order. A committee was appointed, consisting of Hon. George S. Hale, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Hon. John D. Long, Rev. Charles G. Ames, and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells; and by the first of December an arrangement was made by which the present secretary came into the office four mornings in the week,—mornings, however, which have commonly lengthened into days.

It has been impossible for your secretary to do anything like justice to the eager wishes of your directors; to the opportunities which confront us on every hand; to the demands constantly made by workers in the field; to the expectations excited among liberal thinkers who look to us for sympathy; or to his own sense of duty and responsibility. The attempt has been made, first of all, to carry out and complete so far as known the plans of Dr. Reynolds; then to see to it that the work of the Association, as already established, should receive no detriment; and then according to our means and our working ability to lay out new plans for work.

At the outset of the year your directors were obliged to meet a serious financial problem. A brief historical statement will explain it. Ten years ago our parishes were for the first time represented by appointed delegates. At the annual meeting in 1885 the collections from the churches were reported at $33,000. The directors also reported that the proper work of the Association could not be carried on for less than $50,000, and that to meet the votes of the National Conference and the demands of our constituents $60,000 must be provided. It was then stated that for the expenses of the year $17,000 had been drawn from the General Fund. From that time onward Dr. Reynolds worked according to a policy annually declared and steadily defended. He said that it was absolutely necessary for the well-being of the Unitarian Church to found and maintain more Unitarian churches. He believed that in time the churches would rise to the level

of the need, and contribute money enough to carry on the work with dignity and success. Meanwhile, he thought it to be not only his right, but his duty, to draw from the General Fund each year enough to supplement the contribution from the churches and the income from investments. Year by year he reported such action at the annual meeting of the Association, never without hope that, before the General Fund should fall below a dangerous level, the churches would rally to his support. Two years ago the General Fund had fallen to $86,000; and, although the contributions from the churches and individuals had risen to near $61,000, the danger line had been reached, and Dr. Reynolds sadly turned himself to the unhappy task of reducing expenses. He still believed, however, that in the next year he could lift the income from the churches to $80,000. You know what followed. The panic came. The income fell below $51,000; and, while last year the General Fund stood at $75,000, over against it there was borrowed money of more than $20,000. With the expenses much reduced, but still in excess of receipts from the churches and income from invested funds, the problem was a difficult one.

Before explaining how the directors have met their problem, it is needful to show the ground on which, ten years ago, Dr. Reynolds based his confidence and justified the expenditure of the General Fund. In 1881 there were on our list three hundred and thirty-eight societies. Since that time thirty-five have been omitted. One hundred and forty-eight new societies have been added. Some of these churches do not yet feel the power of an endless life. But we may say that by his policy resolutely carried out we have four hundred and fifty-one churches reported in 1895 in place of three hundred and thirty-eight societies reported in 1881. Dr. Reynolds's proposition was: Given to the Association a modest but sufficient income, and ten new Unitarian churches can be formed every year, besides giving aid and comfort to those temporarily weakened or not yet strong enough to go alone. His policy added one hundred and forty-eight societies to our list. The proposition of Dr. Reynolds was demonstrated. To accomplish this result, he believed himself justified in drawing from the General Fund year by year whatever was necessary. He was compelled, however, to admit that this policy had reached its limit.

Your directors came to the work of the present year with $20,000 left over from the previous year to provide for in addition to the annual expenses. The receipts of the year from ordinary sources have been $77,551.80. If the expenses of the year were to be measured by the current income, it would be necessary to apply the surgeon's knife without regard to consequences, and to cut all our expenses down to $77,000. Your directors believed that the representatives of the Unitarian churches here assembled would not approve of that disastrous reduction.

From extraordinary sources we have received $1,000, a loan repaid by the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, Ill., also bequests as follows: Luther Blood, Groton, Mass., $16,980.26; Mrs. Susan E. W. Brackett, Cambridge, Mass., $9,766.67; Mrs. Lucy F. Breckenridge, Louisville, Ky., $5,000; James Brackett, Cambridge, Mass., $5,000; Charles G. Wood, Boston, Mass., $1,000; Miss Prudence C. Delano, Norwell, Mass., $500; Mrs. Anne M. Sweetzer, Boston, Mass., $45,000; Grindall Reynolds Fund, $1,197; Miss Caroline H. Ingersoll, Keene, N.H., $850.

Briefly stated, the results are these: All expenses up to May 1, 1895, have been paid. The General Fund has been reduced to a little less than $50,000, representing a market value of about $70,000. About $4,000 has been invested in the Brackett, Reynolds, and Ingersoll Funds; and in the Isaac Sweetzer Fund, $45,000.

Much attention has been given to the question whether or not legacies should be funded. In opinion your directors are not unanimous. Some approve of a policy common to missionary bodies in America, of spending all available funds when they are needed. Some would fund all substantial legacies immediately. All agree, however, that the General Fund should now be largely increased. They would also, if possible, immediately invest every dollar received from bequests; but, to reach this desirable end, it will be necessary largely to increase the receipts of the Association from churches. With this in view an important change has been made in the organization of the

Association. In your list of officers to be voted upon to-day you find the name of George W. Stone, who has been nominated with the expectation of paying him such a salary that he may devote all his time to the financial interests of the Association. He was named by the committee which nominated the secretary, afterward enlarged by the addition of Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Hon. Daniel L. Shorey, and Mr. Francis Cutting. If $50,000 could be added to the income of the Association during the coming year, all legacies could be funded, the regular work carried on, and new enterprises undertaken. Your directors believe that in these two years of financial distress your Association has passed with as much credit and as little disaster as will be found in the records of the banks, railroads, and other financial institutions of the country.

So much we have said with a backward look. Now as to the future. What is before us in the way of duty and opportunity?

First, and least conspicuous of all to the general public, but most important for the health and perpetuity of our work, is a solid substratum of drudgery. Nine-tenths of all the work that is done by your officers, superintendents, and missionaries, is and must be done with steady and plucky attention to the slow processes of consolidation and growth. It is the part of your representatives to be patient when others are restless; to be resolute when others falter; to supply sustained energy when in others the first flash of enthusiasm fades out; and, finally, to make the discipline of labor, anxiety, and patience generate new courage, hope, and enthusiasm.

We have five missionary departments. We do not need to urge our five superintendents to increased zeal or to the discovery of new fields. The burden of their daily complaint is that they are restrained and compelled single-handed to do the work which might properly occupy the time of many. The financial difficulties of the last two years have made the burden of supporting the new churches more difficult than before, especially in the two Western departments. Enterprises well begun and on the way to self-support have been suddenly thrown back into a confusion worse than the difficulties of the beginning. It would be folly to go forward to found a new church if the advance required the abandonment of an older and equally hopeful enterprise. Most of our business affairs are coming into a sound condition; but the burden of debt rests heavily upon St. Joseph, Mo., Chattanooga, Tenn., Ithaca, N.Y., San Diego, Cal., St. John, N.B., and the Third Church in Worcester. With the new prosperity which is certainly coming to our beloved country, we have no doubt that in the tenth part of our work, which is dramatic and attractive to the general public of our constituency, new enterprises will solicit us, while old churches will come to resurrection. Albany, N.Y., has dropped from the list of our churches: it now proposes to assert itself with power. At Farmington, Me., the church closed for three years is now thronged with eager worshippers. At Willimantic, Conn., a new church starts almost spontaneously. New Haven only waits for the touch of a master hand and the guarantee of temporary support. At Memphis, Tenn., a new church building is eagerly asked for. The reports of the various superintendents, which will be sent to all the churches, will tell the story at which we only hint in these brief notes. One thing seems to us certain. Without the patient services of the five superintendents in the field, these two years of financial distress would have destroyed churches in every department. It is their duty to save churches as well as to create them.

In the Middle West there has been for several years an unhappy condition of affairs, for which all parties concerned, including the American Unitarian Association, declined to accept the responsibility. The cry, now grown strangely and sadly familiar, has been, "But you do not understand us." Let us hope that we are at the beginning of a new era of cordial understanding, in which, with a united West and the churches working harmoniously together for the things which they hold in common, the Association may be able to draw nearer to all of them and in a more helpful way to assist in building up the institutions of morality and religion upon which the welfare of our country depends. It is too early to prophesy as to the exact method and result of the effort now making to bury and forget the discord of the past while we go forward to new and better work together.

Our mission to Japan still waits for the full approval and co-operation of our people. The expenses of the present year have been reduced to nearly $7,000. We had at one time a school for the instruction of native preachers, manned by five American professors. Three, Messrs. Droppers, Liscomb, and Wigmore, were largely supported by a native Japanese school. Messrs. MacCauley and Lawrence were supported out of our funds. Messrs. MacCauley and Droppers now remain our only representatives. With the aid of Japanese teachers, they are doing their best against great odds. Unless help can be sent them, the school must be dissolved and our headquarters in Tokio become a preaching station and a Post-office Mission. Of the six Americans engaged in this work, one chose other occupation, two were driven out of the country by ill-health, and one has died. It is no holiday task that engages our brethren on that distant shore.

The ministry at large, in the missionary districts, commended at the annual meeting last year, has gone on in a quiet way. In a score of places, with the superintendent of the department in charge, meetings have been held with the help of speakers brought from distant places for the purpose. The more extensive campaign, planned by Dr. Reynolds and Mr. Van Ness, was on account of the death of Dr. Reynolds and the lack of funds suspended. New plans, however, will be made, which, while not involving extensive travels on the part of any but the secretary and the superintendents, will bring together, at important points in each department, men and women enough to carry on meetings with power.

For the rest of our work a few sentences must suffice. Several ancient churches of renown must still be assisted until new local conditions renew their ancient vigor or until their case is hopeless. Young churches must be carried through the period of immaturity. New churches must be planted as rapidly as possible. Places must be made both for the young men whom we are preparing for the ministry and for men of ability in other churches who are looking toward us for a new opportunity. The unsectarian schools in which our boys and girls might be educated should be encouraged and strengthened. New literature for the new times must be provided. The permanent funds of the Association must be increased by funding legacies. The current income must be increased from the good will of the churches. New methods must be devised by which local responsibility may be developed, and the business methods of the Association made more elastic. The rush of new business that is certainly coming to us, if the plans of your directors are carried out, will require patience, energy, and sagacity on the part of all concerned.

The *New World*, which the Association assisted to found, is now published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. without our help. An organization has been formed to secure for it an ample endowment. In the opinion of excellent judges in Europe and America this is the best magazine of the kind in the world, and to its claims no thinking Unitarian can be indifferent. The *Christian Register*, now in the seventy-fourth year of its existence, was fondly cherished by our fathers, and is worthy of the widest circulation. Something must be done to make its future more secure and increase its value. If a sufficient guarantee fund could be raised, and the subscription price were reduced to two dollars, no single service to our country could be greater.

The Indian School in Montana will, without doubt, this year pass into the hands of the government, under circumstances which cause the friends of the school to hope and believe that, the same teachers being retained and the transfer made without any shock of transition, the work so well begun there will be carried on without interruption. We can no longer ask for aid from the government, and, asking, could not much longer receive it. The land already belongs to the government; the buildings will be transferred for a nominal sum; and the government pays $2,443.57 for the furniture, tools, etc. It is believed that the affairs of the Indian Commission may be wound up without a deficit.

The Church Building Loan Fund is in sound condition, but the list of delinquent churches has grown. Thus far not one of them has been sold. It is possible, however, that in one or two cases this may happen. Warned by the experience of the past two years, the Association will discourage any resort to the Loan Fund on the part of

any churches which have not passed well on their way toward self-support. The fund now amounts to something less than $114,000.

We have united for several years with our English brethren to aid a Unitarian church at Budapest, Hungary, where, under the shadow of the Catholic State religion, but guarded by civil guarantees, Unitarianism has enjoyed special privileges for three hundred years. This year the appropriation, being no longer needed, will be reduced, and soon discontinued.

The early motto of the Unitarian Association was "Liberty, Holiness, Love." The objects of the Association, as declared by Channing and his great coworkers, were to secure religious liberty equal to the civil liberty enjoyed by American citizens; to raise men and women to better forms of living; to organize them for every good cause in civil and social life; to reduce ignorance, poverty, and crime; to increase the sum of human happiness; and for these ends to proclaim with power the truth which is mighty to save, uplift, and inspire.

Your directors would make ample and grateful acknowledgment of the inspiration and help that come from the labors of the Alliance and various other organizations through which the women of our churches are pouring new life into our local churches, conferences, and associations. Some of our Unitarian clubs of men, and notably the UnitarianClub of Boston, to which we owe our commodious headquarters, have done well. But, when the men of our parishes and conferences are as well organized, as enthusiastic, and as self-sacrificing as the women, then the day of great things will speedily come.

This report, written by the secretary and approved by the directors, is respectfully submitted.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

To all those who sought first to attend the meetings the earthly joy of unexpectedly delightful weather was added. Pleasure and duty, enjoyment and devotion to the cause, were bound in one sheaf. As the *Unitarian* ventured to foretell a month ago, the action of the directors of the American Unitarian Association in temporarily appointing Mr. Batchelor secretary, and the policy of Mr. Batchelor during his six months of office, were both most heartily sustained by the Association. Thorough unanimity prevailed. Hon. John D. Long was elected president, Mr. George W. Stone was elected active treasurer, and the earnest forward movement begun at Saratoga was satisfactorily put into organized form. We look to the future with better hope than ever. How immediately that future may develop rests with each church and each local conference and each responsive heart.

The board of management of the Association, as now elected, stands as follows:—

President, Hon. John D. Long; vice-presidents, Hon. Horace G. Wadlin, Hon. Joseph W. Simonds, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, Judge Thomas J. Morris, Hon. Daniel L. Shorey, Hon. Horace Davis.

Secretary, Rev. George Batchelor; assistant secretary, George W. Fox; treasurer, George W. Stone.

Directors: Rev. Charles G. Ames, Boston; Rev. Thomas L. Eliot, D.D., Portland, Ore.; Hon. Henry J. Hosmer, Concord, Mass.; Rev. Minot J. Savage, Boston; Mrs. Kate G. Wells, Boston; Mrs. T. C. Williams, New York; Mrs. Stephen H. Bullard, Rev. Ellery C. Butler, Quincy, Mass.; John Mason Little, Boston; Arthur T. Lyman, Boston; Henry B. Wells, Plainfield, N.J.; Rev. William W. Fenn, Chicago; Rev. Howard N. Brown, Boston; Francis Cutting, San Francisco; Rev. C. F. Dole, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. S. E. Hooper, Boston; Archibald M. Howe, Cambridge, Mass.

Many of the meetings of the week were of more than usual interest.

Perhaps the most brilliant paper read at any meeting was the wise and inspiring address to the ministers at the Berry Street Conference, by Rev. Charles G. Ames, upon "Our Relation to Other Denominations." We hope to publish this notable address in a later number of the *Unitarian.* Another striking and original essay was read before the Ministerial Union in Channing Hall by Rev. Henry M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, upon "Moral Evolution." We hope to give this to our readers also in full.

For the rest of the many good things, we publish the new secretary's admirable re-

port, and some condensed sentences and passages from a number of the speeches made throughout the week. Any report is, however, but gathering the crumbs, and not serving the good things of the feast. It is only possible to enjoy those by a visit to Boston during Anniversary Week.

Unitarianism for Use. "SOME people take the position of the London shopkeeper who, when the customer brought back the umbrella, said, in astonishment, 'Why, sir, you've been having it out in the rain!' The Unitarian umbrella may not always look as fresh and bright and new as that of somebody else, but it can be said of it that it has been out in the storm of every day life. Religion is of the utmost importance to every individual: the Unitarian, as I understand his faith, means that he shall have no more of it than he can actually make use of. To speak in a journalistic way, it is a daily, intended to be published every day in the week. As the architect would say, his religion is intended to enter into the construction of his nature, and not to be merely a superficial or outside ornament."—*From the Address of Welcome by Gov. Greenhalge for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*

"Forward." "IF there were giants in the ancient times, there will be greater giants in the time to come. If good work has been done, there is better work to do. If the field has been broad and liberal, it must be broader and more liberal still. It may be that there is cause for lament because we have not done more, especially because we are not doing more; but the greatest cause of lament certainly would be if there were not always more to be done than we can do. Our work is always greater than our equipment for it, and therein lies the secret of the fact that the greatest of all honors is service."—*Hon. John D. Long, President of the American Unitarian Association.*

Eight Years' Growth. "EIGHT years ago your body of life members counted 1,564 persons: in 1895 it is 2,114 persons. The societies entitled to send delegates to our meetings were 189: to-day they are 269. The number of ministers recorded was 454: it is now 511. We had then 361 societies, and now 451. The annual receipts, including those for the Church Building Loan Fund, 1886–87, were $220,829.45, or, deducting loans, etc., not treated as new receipts, about $110,000. The annual receipts in 1894–95 are $267,112.66, or, deducting about $100,000, say $167,000. The Church Building Loan Fund, organized two years before (in 1885), had then a fund of $46,741.99. That fund is now $113,795.42. Besides the National Conference there were then 58 subordinate Unitarian conferences, societies, or associations, now 81. Then, as now, there were 2 schools, at Cambridge and Meadville, to which we may add 3 schools or academies. The pupils in the first named were then 20, now 50. Its fund, including Building Fund, $29,131.51, for the library then was $401,391.60, now $434,781.38. At Meadville the number of pupils were then 31, now 40. Funds then $212,274, now $417,096. The periodicals were 6, now 10. Included in the above was then 1 Unitarian Club, of which there are now 12."—*Hon. George S. Hale, retiring President of the American Unitarian Association.*

Scope of Religion. "WE have no superstitious fear of the prophetic cipher of a new century. To us it means new opportunities, new avenues of development, new inspiration. To us, clergy and laity, it means a realization of the religion our own Hedge so eloquently analyzed, when he wrote that the scope of religion is the measure of history. 'It supplied the first rudiments of civil society: it forecasts the social destination of man. Wherever humanity is found at its highest, religion has been the motive power, leader in all progress, home guard of all stability, source of revolutions the most prevailing, champion and prize of the boldest adventures, pioneer more eager than commerce, explorer more patient than science. Religion is acknowledged the mother of arts. She reared the temples that make Egypt venerable, and shaped the marbles that made Greece renowned. She lighted the eyes of the Sistine virgin, and unrolled the "Divina Commedia," and inspired the strains of Handel and Bach. In private life she has been the authoritative teacher, comforter, lifting the soul above the dust, puri-

fying the heart by faith, eliciting the spirit of self-sacrifice by which society subsists, cheering the sufferer in mortal pains, redeeming and renewing the world.'

"This grand definition reaches into the coming revival of a religion which shall hold in its power the church, industry, commerce, and the whole social fabric."—*Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Washington, D.C.*

Light, Life, and Unity. "I DO not believe that we are living in the twilight of the gods. I do not believe that the old world is weary, and that we are approaching the evening-time of her history. I believe that only here and there has the rising sun touched a few of the highest mountain summits. It is hardly dawn as yet. The world is just beginning here and there to catch and reflect the light of civilization, civil freedom, religious liberty, industrial liberty, and justice, and all the finest and sweetest things of which the world has dreamed. It is morning; and ahead of us what? A religion grander than the world has ever known, a church more magnificent in its proportions, broad in its structure, inclusive in its sympathies, finer than humanity has ever dreamed of.

"And what shall that church be called? Can we make our name 'Unitarian' large enough, high enough, wide enough, to fit this dream? There are persons to-day in the old faiths who look, as I did, with suspicion upon the name 'Unitarian.' On the other hand, there are certain persons who are wondering whether any name is not a limitation, and want to get rid even of the name 'Unitarian.' Why, friends, we must, it seems to me, have some sort of name, if we are going to get our letters through the post-office! We must be called something. I wonder sometimes that these people name their children,—why they do not let them grow up, and choose a name for themselves. We must have a name. The only question is, What name is noblest and best? I was trained as a child to look with suspicion and fear upon Unitarianism. I have learned to love that word as the grandest name in all the religious literature of the world. If it has not in the past meant enough, let us put into it meaning enough! Think what it may mean! We have found at last that we are living in a *universe. Unity* is the greatest work in the modern world,—unity of the universe, unity of God. . . . Unity of life, the unity of man, the unity of religion,—that profound thought that, under whatever name, in whatever clime, man has always been engaged in one religious search,—the search for God, the search for the secret of life."—*Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston, Mass.*

The Broadening Sun has risen. "HAVE not men's thoughts widened as with the process of the suns? Have not the churches become more tolerant, more liberal, more rational? And in that work have we not had our share? Is it sectarian narrowness or Pharisaic conceit to ask: Would the churches have been as liberal to-day, had it not been for your Channing and Parker and Emerson and our Martineau? How much the world owes to those great teachers it is, perhaps, impossible to say. Dr. Martineau has told us, with that childlike humility of his, how much he was indebted to your New England teachers for inspiration and guidance; and I venture to think that there are thousands outside the ranks of our Church who could make the same confession,—tens of thousands more who have felt the touch, but have not seen the hand. And what Martineau has received he has given back a hundred-fold. He has become himself the source of inspiration to thousands seeking the eternal light. The broadening sun has risen. The living power of truth is widening its rays, and scattering clouds and mists and darkness. The heresies of yesterday are fast becoming the orthodoxies of to-day, and we glory in it. It is a testimony to us that the doctrines we have been teaching are true."—*Rev. Albert Lazenby of Glasgow, delegate from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.*

The Channing and Parker Spirit "YOUR message, as I understand it, is a positive message. You have a gospel for this time. Multitudes of men and women are longing for it. What will you do about it? I believe that the work of the Unitarian Church, instead of being practically ended, has only just begun. If you will sustain the little bands of men and women gathering together in almost

every city in this land; if you will send to them a man with a burning message, a man who will not preach formal creeds, who will not preach ritual, a man who will stand aggressively and positively for this gospel of Jesus,—then indeed, in the immediate future, there will be an opportunity for fulfilling the destiny of the Unitarian Church. Channing was needed a hundred years ago: he is needed a hundred times more to-day,—the Channing spirit. Parker was needed fifty years ago: he is needed a thousand times more to-day,—the Parker spirit. The Channing and the Parker spirit, as I have understood it, are incarnated in your platform at Saratoga."—*Rev. William M. Brundage of Albany, N. Y.*

Experience, our Authority. "It is not enough, friends, for us liberal people to prove that there is one God. What we want to do is to prove that we have been in vital relationship with God,—to prove, as the lily tells the story of the almighty life which it has felt, that we have felt that life beating in us.

"You may have read of mountains, and looked the guide-book over, and dreamed of what might be on the mountain summits, and read stories of the vision from some peak; but, until you went and stood on that mountain summit for yourself and felt the glory and saw the vision,—not until then did you know it in its fulness nor speak with authority of what it might mean to you. And so, until we climb the mountain-tops of our experience, until we go into the Gethsemanes where we must feel ourselves alone, we cannot speak from experience."—*Rev. Ida C. Hultin of Moline, Ill.*

The Right Kind. "Like most suburban ministers, a great deal of my time is spent in the cars of the West End Electric Railway. But I have made very good use of my advantages there in the way of reading the literature which is furnished the patrons of the line. I have liked to see how men seeking trade are wiser in their generation than the children of light,—how they give us line upon line, and precept upon precept, till the dullest intelligence is convinced and convicted.

"I like particularly the good, strong way in which that Shaksperian manufacturer in Pittsburg brings to your eyes the advantage of the best lamp-chimney. His argument seems to be absolutely convincing. I wish our gospel could be preached as clearly, as continuously, as his. This child of light says this: 'Do your lamp-chimneys break? You have not the right kind.'

"Now, that is what our missionaries are doing through the country. They have no quarrel with the light of other denominations. The children of the light are one. But they have criticisms in regard to the lamp-chimneys which are smoking, which are breaking.

"And so we come to men who say that their creeds have broken, their rituals have broken, the intellectual forms in which their light has been shining have broken; and we say, most modestly, but most persistently, 'You have not the right kind.'

"And I believe, when we wake to the meaning of the freer statement and expression of religious life, we shall be able more and more to bring to the men who need it to-day the right kind of expression of that religion which already exists in large measure in the hearts of the American people."—*Rev. S. M. Crothers of Cambridge, Mass.*

IN THE PULPIT.

What the world wants in its pulpits to-day is bold, fearless thinkers,—thinkers whose thoughts are not prescriptions that have been handed down for generations and taken with the docility of an invalid.

The world needs thinkers whose thoughts set forth the vigor of struggle in them and bear the impress of fearless, independent inquiry. It is not new truth that the world needs, or wants indeed, but old truths reached by fearless, vigorous, independent processes. That style of thought takes hold on men. They have confidence in it. They are ready to lean upon it and be led by it. The thought that reaches the great truths of the gospel by the robust, self-reliant processes of the scientific method makes men yield before it.

How shall this style of thought be secured? I answer, By cultivation. Let a minister familiarize himself with the methods of scientific inquiry. Let him follow the great leaders in scientific investigations and discovery. He will catch their

loyalty to the minutest facts. He will imbibe their delicacy of observation. He will become ashamed of superficiality and long for thoroughness. He will eschew ornament for its own sake, and strive for vigor and independence of thinking. He will unconsciously take on more and more the sturdy, heroic style of scientific thought. This is a desirable and legitimate result of the study of science. Such study is the balance-wheel that the theological thinker needs.

The tendency of religious thinking is to an abstract, imaginative, poetic style, a fervid, irresponsible style, that aims more at making its point than it does at adhering to the prosaic facts,—a style that is morbid, mystic, oft-times bordering upon the bigoted and fanatical. A close familiarity with the exact, critical methods of scientific study is a salutary and corrective restraint upon such tendency. It makes thought practical rather than ideal, logical rather than emotional, simple rather than elaborate, convincing rather than literary, substantial rather than effervescent.—*Rev. Horace E. Warner in the Homiletic Review.*

THE PANSY'S LESSON.

"Wake up! Wake up! Wake up! Spring is coming. Spring is here; and you must all be ready to go with your seeds when they are carried to the gardens and farms."

It was such a gentle, musical, harmonious voice that called, that you would have thought it must be the wind singing through the trees; but it was the queen of the spirits of the flowers calling them from their long winter's sleep.

Of course, you know that the little flower spirits do not stay in their seeds in the winter; but they all go with their queen to a lovely, peaceful grotto, and rest and sleep, and prepare themselves for the next season's work.

It was a pretty sight to watch them that spring morning as they came dancing and tripping up to their queen, receiving from her kind words of help and counsel, and then taking their places till they were called for to go to their summer homes.

The last little fairy that came was a Pansy spirit, and she was much disappointed and distressed to find that her seed was so small.

She would have liked either a sunflower or a nasturtium seed, or, at any rate, a sweet-pea seed,—a seed large enough to hold a plant that would amount to something.

She did not pay much attention to the good queen, who tried to tell her that the size of a thing did not always determine its value, but went discontentedly off; and, when the seed was put into the nice mellow earth, she began to cry, and say it was of no use to try. "She was too small to grow into anything that was pretty or of any use," she knew.

So the gentle spring showers came, but she did not go up to meet them and get refreshment from them; and the warm sun shone, but she stayed in her house instead of going out to be cheered by it, until she found that, in spite of herself, she was growing so that her seed would not hold her, and she had to open the door and go out.

As she pushed the earth apart and looked into the world above, the first thing she saw standing close by her were a lot of little plants that looked very much like herself, only they were very much larger. So she asked them what they were. "Pansies," they all said; "and we have been up here a week. Where were you?" "Oh, I am too small," she sighed. "I know I never will be anything, and I am not going to work all summer for nothing."

So she cried and sighed and sulked the weeks away. She turned her back to the sun, and she closed up her leaves from the rain; and, although the leaves would come out, she never helped them a bit, and they were all small, and the plant was stunted and awkward in shape, and did not have life enough to put forth a single bud.

She took no interest in her pansy sisters, either, but stayed in her own house all the time.

One morning when she awoke the air was filled with such a delicate fragrance that she looked around to see where it could come from; and there on every one of her sister pansies were lovely little blossoms, some purple, some white, some yellow, and some pink, and all of them smelling so sweet that they scented the air.

She looked in amazement. Could it be

possible that such little seeds had put forth such beautiful plants, and what would her queen say to her when she came round to look after her children (for she always made them a visit to see how they were prospering)?

The Pansy's little heart ached as she thought of it, and she wondered how she could have been so foolish as to have neglected all of her work.

The next morning (very early, before mortals were awake) the queen did come, praising her flower children and admiring their beauty until she came to the poor little Pansy.

"Why! what is this?" said she. "Where are your flowers, and why have you not grown?"

The little Pansy sobbed. "I thought I had too small a seed," she said, "and that I couldn't amount to anything; and so I didn't try. I am so sorry."

The queen looked very sober. "Didn't you feel life stirring within you?"

"Yes," sobbed the Pansy.

"And didn't you know that life was God, and, if God was your life, that it must be strong and beautiful and sweet?"

"Yes," said the Pansy again, "I know I have heard so; but I didn't know that it meant that."

"Well, it does mean just that," said the queen; "and it means that God is just the same to you that he is to any and everybody else. It means that he is in every place, and that every way is the right way, if you only walk with him.

"It would have made no difference what seed you had chosen if God was with you (and he is with us all): you could have blossomed into beauty and strength.

"He smiled on you in the sun, and you looked the other way. He refreshed and nourished you in the rain, and you shut him out. He was your heart, and you shut him in. And now I want you to think what you have done. You are one of the channels through which God expresses himself, and you have deprived this world of just as much beauty and sweetness and life as could have flowed through you. It was all in you. Nobody else can bring out the life that is yours, and you have shut it all in."

Poor Pansy, she had not thought of that. Indeed, she had thought of nothing but herself all summer; and to think that her selfishness had hurt everybody else! She began to cry again, but the queen looked still more sober. "What are you going to do about it?" she said. "You are surely not going to keep right on standing still and crying. That won't help anything."

"Do you mean that I may try again?" said the Pansy. "Could I grow now?"

"Of course, you can," said the queen. "I am going to leave you a lesson to learn that I saw in the mortals' best book. 'God is the same yesterday and to-day and forever; and he is above all and through all and in you all.' I want you to think of it, find out what it means, and then live by it."

Pretty serious talk for flowers, you would think. But, if you could only see their beautiful queen, you would know immediately how wise and how good she would be; and if you knew flower language, and could understand them when they whispered with each other, you would be ashamed sometimes to find how much they knew about many things that you had never thought of.

And so, though you would hardly have expected it, the little Pansy spirit began to think in earnest.

She said to herself: "If I have got life and strength in me, then I can grow; and, if God is the same yesterday and to-day and forever, it makes no difference if it is not spring. I will begin now." And she immediately began to send out more leaves, and larger, handsomer ones.

Then she said, "If God is all around me to help me, I think I will look out and up for him." So she held up her head and drank in the rain and welcomed the sunshine, and swayed and danced and grew strong in the wind. And, when it was still at night, you might have heard her whispering to the other flowers and learning lessons from them.

Then she would be still, and let the dew bathe and refresh her.

No more crying, no more fretting and selfishness to stop her growth, but all the time giving out just as fast as she felt life and strength coming in, and all the time so active in bringing all the fresh life she could into the world that she was as happy as she had been discontented before.

One day she found that her first little

flower-bud was appearing; and she began to be anxious, and some of the old fear came to her that she wouldn't amount to much after all.

Then she remembered what the queen said to her about God being the same to us all, and about every place being God's place; and she said, "If that is true, and I know it must be, I am going to be happy, and keep right on doing my best." And, behold! when the flower blossomed, there was the pure white of the lily, the delicate pink of the sweet-pea, the modest blue of the violet, yes, and the glowing yellow of the daffodil, all shining forth on its peaceful little face. CLARA K. DALY.

June 9, 1895.

WHAT BIRTHDAYS TEACH.

TWO VOICES.

First Voice.

What do our birthdays teach?
That summers green and winters white
Are passing, swift as arrow's flight;
Life's day makes haste, quick falls the night.
So birthdays teach us life is brief,
And birthdays are a time for grief.

Second Voice.

What do our birthdays teach?
That life's true measure is not years,
But love and labor, prayers and tears,
And hopes that triumph over fears.
So birthdays teach us life is *long*,
And birthdays are a time for *song*.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

TRUE LIBERTY.

True liberty is only such as one may exercise without interference with the equal corresponding liberty of all, and that no license to wrong-doing can ever be claimed under this theory, inasmuch as whatever wrong may be perpetrated through the free action of individual or mob is certain to eventually, directly or indirectly, result in some injury to or invasion of the rights of others, thereby proving that the liberty which made that wrong possible is a false liberty, and not the true. It is from the violation of this law that all the distrust and misconceptions of liberty arise. The great principle has in no one a more dangerous foe than in him who destroys liberty in liberty's name. Never will it, in its application to human affairs, operate wholly aright therein until men shall learn that, as the circle returns upon itself, liberty ends at last in obedience to the right; that the free volition they demand must be measured by the like volition of all others, and can only be the privilege of deciding, each for himself, what that right is which it is necessary to obey. The choice may not, cannot always be the correct one; but that contingency is inevitable, since it is given to no one to assert with authority an absolute code of right and wrong. Liberty of opinion must, therefore, of necessity be granted; and experience only can determine what is true, what false.

The highest end in life is to yield obedience to right principles: the highest privilege in life is to find out and prove what those principles are. True freedom is nothing more than the privilege of refusing homage to wrong and sham masquerading as right and truth. True freedom is that which takes nothing for granted, demands an adequate justification for all things, and is yet ever glad and willing to accept without prejudice and without reserve whatsoever is of a certainty just and true.

H. HAYES ROBBINS.

TYPES OF THE SPIRIT.

Wonderful are thy endowments, son of man. It is thine, O man, to be a shining entity in universal space. The contact with other shining entities strikes out a warmth not found on sea or land. That warmth is friendship,—the divinity of friendship. It is thine, O man, to live from Heaven. From there come the sympathies that lend a hand, and keep bright the Golden Rule. There are love and goodness that make the earth to be habitable, and to swing through the wilderness of space with purposes beyond count. Though truth be crushed to earth, by a power from above it rises again. Live, O man, from Heaven. From there brethren live together in peace and good will. From there comes union, that of marriage, religious and social. There are the qualities the home is made of, and the church home. From above shines wisdom forever and forever. There sparkles the fountain of life. There the more abundant

humanity prevails. From Heaven come institutions in the interest of education, religion, and the best civilization.

Let thy aims, O man, be toward Heaven, as the supreme aims of Heaven are toward you. Do you weep? Weep from above whence is a sluiceway for tears to drop upon a grave or into a cup of great sorrow or excessive joy. There is a spirit that will help you to dwell high up on the celestial plains where there is the integrity of creation, and there are no ruins to weep over.

Disappointments do not come at random. They are in the hands of God. They do not happen in a close corner. There is room enough for the disappointment to move hither and thither, seeking recovery from the untoward event. God's worlds do not have close corners. Under the providence of God a disappointment may come to make way for something better and higher. If you are disappointed in a hope, hope again; for hope springs eternal in the human breast. There is none good but God, so he knows best what is good for you. These experiences of disappointment help to wean the soul from earth to heaven.

From the perennial fountain of sympathy Jesus wept. Jesus, as a person of power, tenderness, and sympathy, was sent from heaven to make alive again the object of Mary and Martha's affection. It is human and holy that the eyes should moisten from a fountain that never dries when a preacher stirs the deepest emotions of his hearers. One deep emotion is God,— is love,— who lives with us evermore. Another emotion is the love of man, which means a great family of brothers,— some not far enough along in primal being, others developed and well-behaved. W. M. Bicknell.

A HYMN.

Tune, "Arlington."

Oh, more and more it dawns on me,
We are God's children all;
That we our brother's keepers be,
Must stand with him or fall.

If grace or good environment
Gives us the clearer ken,
Then more we owe, to that extent,
To all our fellow-men.

Deep Christian love and justice may
Search out and find the cause.
Which leads God's children thus to stray
From his eternal laws.

And, having eased our brother's woe,
Our own will lighter be
Oh, happy day when all shall know,
And duty clearly see!

C. A. Rohrabacher.

Portland, Ore.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

From a town in Maine we have received the following inquiry, to which we invite replies from any who can lend the help of a similar experience: —

My parents were Methodists; and I was a member of that church from childhood till my marriage, about twenty years ago. When I began to think on religious matters, I grew dissatisfied with that creed, and have worked with the Universalists for some years. We have a Sabbath-school and preaching during the summer, but no organized church.

The Baptists allow us to use their church, and they and the Methodists seem very friendly. Last winter the Baptists suggested that the three societies unite in forming a Young People's Christian Endeavor Society; and, as I taught the young people's class in our school, I joined as an active member, and advised those in my class, who nearly all joined. Our class have had sociables occasionally, when they would pass the evening with marches, games, and plain dances. It all seemed pleasant and innocent.

Last winter some of the village people gave a number of dances for old and young together, kept good hours, and had but very little round dancing. My husband and I went with our daughters three times. I think one evening there were eight members of my Sabbath-school class there. A few days ago the Baptist minister, who is president of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, called on me, and said that he and many other friends, some from my own church, thought I was doing a great amount of harm among the young people by the course I took in regard to dancing. He felt that he was doing right in coming to me about it; and I sincerely thanked him, promising to consider the question fairly, and choose the course which seemed right.

Now, I do not feel capable of judging until I have heard the opinion of some liberal Christians whose experience in the world has been wider than that of one like myself, who has always lived in a small country village. My desire is to do what is right and best for all. If the influence of dancing is bad, as the Baptist minister says, I want to let it alone, and want to keep my

children and young friends away from it so far as I can.

If, on the other hand, it is an innocent amusement, I am not willing to deprive them of it on account of any one's prejudices; for I think any innocent pleasure is a benefit. The latter has been my idea, and I have tried to guard my friends against its abuses; but, if I am mistaken, the sooner I realize my mistake the better.

I hope you will understand how anxious I am to decide rightly.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

God hath no shape, nor can the artist's hands
His figure frame in shining gold or wood.
God's holy image—God-sent—only stands
Within the bosoms of the wise and good.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Monday.

Little Things that count.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of day;
And it smooths the furrows ploughed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind:
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through your heart, I find,
For love is tender, love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress:
We take, but we do not give.
It seems so easy some soul to bless;
But we dole the love grudgingly less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—*Anon.*

Tuesday.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above:
So let us choose the narrow way
Which leads no traveller astray
From realms of love.

—*Longfellow.*

Wednesday.

Trust and Rest.

Fret not, poor soul, while doubt and fear
Disturb thy breast:
The pitying angels, who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, Trust and rest.

Plan not nor scheme, but calmly wait:
His choice is best.
While blind and erring is thy sight
His wisdom sees and judges right,
So trust and rest.

Strive not nor struggle: thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will.
All power is His alone: be still
And trust and rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns
Supreme confessed;
His power is infinite; His love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above.
So trust and rest.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

Thursday.

Dark skies must clear; and, when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year.
Patient, I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness,—me
The powers of light befriend.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

Friday.

That is no true alms which the hand can hold:
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms.
For a god goes with it, and makes it store
For the soul that was starving in darkness before.

—*Lowell.*

Saturday.

Opportunity.

The key of yesterday
I threw away.
And now, too late,
Before to-morrow's close-locked gate
Helpless I stand,—in vain to pray!
In vain to sorrow!
Only the key of yesterday
Unlocks to-morrow!

—*Priscilla Leonard.*

EDITORIAL.

The Anniversaries. We give this month a brief account of the meetings in Boston during Anniversary Week. A large attendance, great unanimity, and a hopeful tone characterized every gathering.

Rev. Howard N. Brown, who opened the week's exercises with an early morning devotional service in King's Chapel, emphasized the present sentiment of the denomination in his brief address upon the text, "I came not to destroy, but to fulfil,"—that, as Unitarians, we have a gospel to proclaim, a mission, a heritage given into our hands to fulfil, that we move forward a part of the great stream of the religious effort of the past.

The address of Rev. Charles G. Ames before the ministers at Berry Street Conference brilliantly revealed the streams of spiritual power common to all earnest religious life in every sect, and called for appreciation on the part of Unitarians of the high intentions of our fellow-workers in other denominations.

The deep sense of this vital power, universal under all forms, is the inspiration for our own particular denominational enterprise, as of all other religious organizations. Building upon this spiritual foundation, we have a distinct part to bear in the national religious life of the community; and the admirable report by the secretary for the directors of the American Unitarian Association shows how earnestly it is his desire to have that part well and manfully maintained. We heartily urge our readers to do more than give passing attention to this report (which will be found on page 307); for it is as clear and full a statement of our resources, aims, needs, and opportunities as can be made.

At the Helm. Few people appreciate the amount of work which has to be performed at the office of the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. In a brilliant address delivered by Dr. Henry H. Jessup at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church held in Pittsburg a few weeks ago the eloquent Eastern missionary thus described the work of their Board Secretary:—

"We feel that among the hardest worked men in the missionary ranks are the secretaries and treasurer of the Board in New York. In the winter of 1882 and 1883 it was my lot to act as secretary in the absence, from illness, of Dr. Ellinwood. I then learned what I escaped in 1870, when I felt it my duty to decline the post of secretary of the new Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; and I learned how to sympathize with the faithful men who act as our foreign mission secretaries. After three months of this work the dread nineteenth-century malady, nervous prostration, laid me aside. A man once remarked to me that one secretary could do all the work in that mission house if he had a good typewriter. I should add one other assistant whom he would soon need — a grave-digger. We who are at the other end of the line can appreciate the work done at the Mission House. We can see the great increase of the missionary force, the immense correspondence to be carried on, the variety of questions growing out of the governments and South American peoples; the problems financial, political, industrial, social, educational, ecclesiastical, and personal; the need of minute and conscientious examination and prompt reply to all these questions; the anxieties, the sense of responsibility; the hurry and crowding of business, the necessary interruption, the correspondence with home pastors and elders, with Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, with theological students and professors; the examination of candidates and their credentials; the preparation of matter for the periodical press; interviewing returning and outgoing missionaries; preaching on Sunday in churches here and there; visiting conventions, meetings, presbyteries, and synods; entering into sympathy with sorely tried missionaries, with the sick and the dying, with the widows and the orphans, with the persecuted and the perplexed; trying to decide grave questions in which missionaries, older than himself and of long experience and great wisdom, honestly and decidedly differ, and going home at night to toss with headache and insomnia. Mr. Moderator, in declining in 1870 the position of secretary of this Board, I was not afraid of work; but I regarded missionary service as a life enlistment, and I am sure that no missionary withdraws from the

work unless constrained by reasons providential and imperative. But I can say that I had rather ride, as I have done, for miles over the range of Lebanon in midwinter, through snow from three to ten feet deep, or in August, in the scorching sirocco, when the fig leaves curled up from the heat and dropped to the ground, and the grapes were cooked on the clusters and turned white from the burning blast; or journey among Druse and Bedouin robbers; or edit two Arabic newspapers with a Turkish censor waiting to cut out half the matter from the proof-sheets an hour before the time of issue; or preach in Arabic on a house-top in a bitter north wind, or by my tent door in harvest field, with the black flies swarming in clouds until the white canvas of the tent was as black as the tent of Kedar or Pittsburg; or read Arabic proof-sheets until midnight; or teach Hodge's theology through Arabic gutturals, than to undergo for a series of years the mental and physical strain required of a foreign mission secretary."

British and Foreign. The annual meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association were held in London, Eng., the first week in June, and seem to have been very largely attended, and in every respect to indicate increasing interest and activity.

More attention was given to reports and the planning of work than to subjects of oratory and debate. We are pleased to be able to print in full the earnest sermon preached by Rev. Douglas Walmsley at the opening of the anniversary exercises. It was delivered in Dr. Brooke Herford's church to a large congregation.

Perhaps the most notable address of the many admirable ones given during the week was Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter's Essex Hall lecture upon "The Relation of Jesus Christ to his own Age and Ours." It was naturally a critical, scholarly discourse, and necessarily occupied with clearing away accretions in text and many heretofore firmly established misinterpretations; but it is refreshing to have the impartial results of the keenest criticism combined with deep and fervent appreciation of the principles and personal faith for which Christ lived and died. We expect to see this essay in book form, and in advance recommend it, as anything from the brain and pen of its author is enlightening and worthy of much study.

Summer Religion. The following wise words are from the *First Parish Recorder* of Milton, Mass.—

"It is one of the commonest facts of everyday life, which every one can see, that people who prepare for long summer vacations commonly leave their religion behind them with their household furniture too bulky for moving.

"It is possible that the travellers may carry their inward and spiritual grace with them, although from cursory observation it is difficult to be sure of even this; but its outward and visible signs are, in many cases, lamentably wanting.

"No one is so foolish as to assert that worship consists merely in church-going, and we sympathize with those persons who, through fatigue or in excessively hot weather, find church services irksome and unprofitable; but one is not always tired, nor is the weather always hot, and, though the service be uninteresting and apparently useless to one's self, the moral influence of attendance, always great, is felt in double measure in a small community, where manners are closely commented upon.

"It would seem, if church-going were ever a vital and real thing to a person of deep religious experience, he would feel the necessity for it in summer as well as in winter, and would gladly embrace the opportunity of encouraging the religious life of the hamlet where chance might for a season find him.

"Even suppose he happened upon some spot where as yet no religious service had been established or where through the apathy of the people it had long ceased to be, could he not create or bring to life again by effort of his own the spiritual consciousness of the community ?"

In the South. Dr. Donald of Trinity Church, Boston, preached the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of colored students at Tuskegee, Ala., and in it most admirably touched upon the deep difficulties of the race problem in the Southern States. He said some plain things, which it is indeed the part of wisdom to make clear to the minds of the

most highly educated colored people. His first point was the fallacious yet common hope that "legislation" is to give the colored race such conditions as will secure and guarantee prosperity. Dr. Donald pointed out that under our Constitution any legislation would be unconstitutional if its statutes regarded color or creed. There can be no legislation either for or against the Negro. All legislation can give is free opportunity. Individual education, effort, power, ability, must do the rest. And in this respect the colored race must recognize that it is not and cannot be for many generations, if ever, the equal of the Anglo-Saxon race. Every race is the creation of forces which have been at work in its past history; and a race that for one hundred and fifty years has been shut off by slavery from all the great privileges of civilization cannot be the equal of the race which has for its inheritance six centuries of government, art, refinement, and self-development. Dr. Donald urged the students not to be carried away by the enthusiasm of mere doctrinaires who might flatter and pet them, but to earnestly consider the essential conditions of success and their own special difficulties, and meet the facts with courage and determination.

"The Unitarian" Sixty Years Ago. In January, 1834, appeared Vol. I., No. 1, of a small periodical, entitled *The Unitarian.* The first few numbers of this interesting publication are now before us. Alas! it only existed for a few months; but, in its place, it did a useful work, breaking the sod for us. The editors of this early pioneer effort were Rev. Bernard Whitman, Rev. George Nichols, Rev. Jason Whitman; and in a footnote it is announced that "the name of Rev. A. P. Peabody of Portsmouth, N.H., was originally given as one of the editors, but the increase of his professional duties since the death of his late lamented colleague [Dr. Parker] devolves upon him the necessity of withdrawing from the editorial care."

The publishers were James Munroe & Co., Cambridge, who announce, as indicating their unusual facilities, "The establishment of an hourly communication between Cambridge and Boston by coaches and baggage wagons enables us to assure our distant customers of the execution of orders with despatch." They further state that *The Unitarian* is to be a monthly publication, "royal 12mo, of about 48 pages, printed on good paper with handsome type. Price, two dollars per annum. Postage under 100 miles, 3 cents; over 100 miles, 5 cents."

The editors fly a noble prospectus on the first page, full of sounding declarations of exalted ideals. Unfortunately, the success of their venture really rested upon the first declaration, which was: "The main purpose we have in view is to furnish a work for *the people.*" Had they succeeded in this, the "defence of Unitarian Christianity," the enforcement of "obedience to the truth," the "extension of popular education," the "improvement of the religious conditions of the community," the "redemption of the many from the sad gloom of false theology," might have been accomplished. As it was, the editors did indeed "furnish the work": but the people, rejoicing in the way of their transgressions, passed by.

Perhaps it was the people's mistake rather than the editors, for the latter certainly furnished some admirable literary essays. The first number contained a most characteristic paper from A. P. Peabody, then a youth of twenty-three, entitled "A Holy Life the Most Persuasive Argument."

In the second number was an equally characteristic critical essay from F. H. Hedge, then twenty-eight years of age, upon the nature and office of "The Son of Man." In the following number we find a very enthusiastic letter advocating the West as a field of usefulness for Unitarian preachers. It is written from Louisville, Ky., by a young man of twenty-four, named James Freeman Clarke. From the fourth number of this long-departed namesake of ours we reprint in this issue part of an article entitled "Reasons for Spreading Unitarianism." The initials W. G. E. will be recognized at once as those of the fearless youth who left the most tempting prospects for the frontier service of our cause, to which he devoted his life in St. Louis. We hope our readers will not think it is too late even yet to respond to his plea for a deeper sense of our great but inspiring responsibility.

The dance. It is curious to see how the theological conception of human depravity still leads to mistrust of many natural and pure and beautiful things. In a letter from a correspondent in Maine, which we print under the heading "What would You Do?" hoping that some of our readers may help by some kindly advice, it will be seen that a Baptist minister wishes to put a stop to the innocent amusement of dancing among the villagers. Does he realize that dancing is the most widely universal, popular, and ancient of all amusements?

History itself does not go back to any time when dancing was unknown. It is indeed one of the natural instincts of the human faculties, like singing. It is possible, of course, to sing vulgar and degrading songs; and it is possible to turn dancing into vulgarity. It is possible to find bad company alike, alas! in the music hall and the dancing pavilion; but dancing is not condemned because bad people dance or dance badly. To dance beautifully with a happy company of wholesome friends is as inspiring as to sing in a glee club.

Power of Protestantism. Here is the character sketched by a Frenchman of the great reformer who preached salvation through right motives instead of through forms and ceremonies: —

"Luther was a man of sincere faith, but acrimonious humor; bold in theory, inconsequent in practice, devoted to truth, but more devoted to his own opinions.

"He appealed to Reason, hoping to prison her in the Gospels, and to the freedom of human thought, in order to bind it by grace.

"He desired to withdraw religion from Roman authority, but delivered it over to temporal powers.

"Beginning as a republican, he became a determined conservative; he possessed the rare power of destruction combined with that of creation; he struck down the papacy, and lifted high up the Bible; he founded Protestantism, and drove out anabaptism; and he has left after him much evil and much good, gifting the world with the Scriptures, but handing them over to the various interpretations of sectarians."

There is a good deal to be said, however, for the sectarianism which Luther bequeathed to us.

The Reformation took away the authority of the Church and substituted that of the Scriptures, and the moment men approached the Bible to learn its meaning they discovered that its meaning could not be found without labor and study.

The nature of the new authority compelled men to think, and the organization of Protestantism left them at liberty to carry out their thinking into practical living; hence, inevitably, the sects.

The Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Congregational, the Unitarian, are the result of hard and high brain work, of deep personal convictions, arrived at often by long and strenuous labor.

Never before have the minds of any large section of humanity been compelled into so magnificent a course of discipline.

Intellectual activity in one direction starts it in all directions; hence, in large measure, the rapidly growing supremacy of the Protestant races.

The Crucifixion in Art. A recent painting of the crucifixion, by the Russian artist, Gay, has made a great sensation in Europe.

He professes to have spared neither time nor pains nor patience in the search for accuracy; and his work is said to represent the crucifixion as it actually took place. He makes an entirely new departure from our conventional notions.

Jesus is usually represented as elevated at a considerable height above the ground. In Gay's picture the feet are nailed to a board which rests upon the earth.

There is, moreover, no projection of the upright above the cross-piece. A rough kind of pole is fixed horizontally across the top of a post stuck in the ground. The head of the dead Christ has fallen backward on this horizontal piece, while the penitent thief—a great, stalwart brute in appearance—stares with bewilderment and horror at the lifeless form of him whom he had just accepted as his Lord.

Art is a method of representing some reality. Painting does this by means of color and form.

In estimating the merit of Gay's picture as a work of art, we ask, Does it express the

reality it is intended to express by means of form and color?

To ourselves, saturated as we are with the details and associations of the Scripture story, the picture undoubtedly appeals very powerfully.

But a person completely ignorant of that story would see simply an emaciated form with unkempt hair nailed to a cross.

But is this the truth, the reality, the fact, the picture is meant to express? Certainly not. It is meant to express the death of the greatest religious leader of the world. And it utterly fails to do this, except with the aid of a literary narrative. It fails, therefore, in its end as a work of pictorial art, which is to express truth by means of form and color quite independently of the ways and methods of literature.

It is an interesting fact that the earliest pictures of the crucifixion are wholly symbolical.

The early Christians seem to have had a prejudice against realism in connection with this subject. The cross is found adorned in the centre, not with the body of Jesus, but with the mystical lamb.

It was nearly seven hundred years after the death of Christ before a council of bishops recommended the representation of the actual figure of Christ upon the cross.

Tropolobampo settles it. THE ethical foundation of all social co-operation is tersely put in one short sentence by a colonist at Tropolobampo, Sinaloa, Mexico. He says, "Co-operators must be as hard on themselves as a master would be hard on them." Is such co-operation possible? At Tropolobampo, although they seem to have an Elysian climate and no other taskmaster, yet they are rapidly reverting from the fraternity, equality, and freedom of co-operation to the old yoke of firm-handed government.

"The spirit of this colony has been to endeavor to correct abuses by moral suasion, It is now seen that this is not appreciated, and we propose to take a different course."

We are not given any outline of the methods to be adopted, but this suggestion is dropped: "One thing needful is to get a brainy, honest, energetic manager, and give him an absolutely free hand to sack loafers and incompetents."

This smacks of the Napoleonic code, and seems to demand a detective system to spot and a police force to expel the innocent but possibly indignant incompetents.

Plymouth, Eng. IT will be pleasant to New Englanders to learn that the ancient seaport of Plymouth, Eng., whence the Fathers sailed, to seek not "jewels of the mine," but freedom for their faith, is very much alive, and shows a good deal of the mental vigor which has been so distinguishing a mark of its offshoot in the New World.

Among a number of admirable municipal improvements which are being carried out the citizens have now followed the example of the United States in the matter of bringing the public library and the public schools into close relations. Every school is now constituted a branch of the central library, and in two of them evening reading-rooms have been established.

Old Plymouth possesses an active Unitarian church, with a man for a pastor who is among the most gifted and original of living Unitarian ministers.

Obituary. TWO MEN of remarkable influence in the cause of liberal progress have passed away almost at the same time, each in the harness of active work, though both were well beyond the threescore years and ten,—Rev. Dr. Miner, the widely known pastor of the Columbus Avenue Universalist Church, Boston, and Rev. Dr. E. B. Willson, pastor of the Unitarian North Church, Salem, Mass.

Dr. Miner has long been the representative Universalist minister of Boston.

Dr. Willson occupied an almost unique position in Salem, where he was regarded by all parties and classes as the representative citizen on all public occasions. A refined, polished, ready public speaker, a man of spotless and lofty character, he was beloved by all. Both of these men leave an inspiring record of noble service.

Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day.—*Eph.* vi. 11, 13.

Departments.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Speaking not only for our own organization, but for all the allied societies, it is safe to say, judging from common report, that, within the memory of those present at our May meetings this year, none have been held for many years at which there was felt more confidence. On all sides were to be seen smiling faces, and words of sympathy and mutual encouragement were heard.

At the meeting of the Association on Tuesday an address of welcome was given by Governor Frederick T. Greenhalge in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. During the day addresses were made by Mrs. B. Ward Dix, president of the National Alliance; by Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Hon. George S. Hale, Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D., Rev. William M. Brundage of Albany, Rev. Albert Lazenby of Glasgow, and Rev. William W. Fenn.

The most important discussion of the morning concerned a report of the committee on life memberships. In order that our constituents may have the report before their minds for final action next year, we give the by-laws as they would be amended if the report of the committee were adopted.

"ARTICLE II.—A subscription of fifty dollars, when made by an individual, shall constitute a person a member of this Association for life.

"ARTICLE III.—Those contributing to the funds of this Association shall be entitled to representation under the following conditions, namely:—

"Any church or missionary association of at least two years' standing not being in debt to the American Unitarian Association or the Church Building Loan Fund shall, upon sending a contribution for missionary uses to the treasurer of the Association for two successive years, be entitled to representation at all business meetings of the Association by the persons of its minister or president and two additional lay delegates, provided that such contributions shall be placed in the hands of the officers of the Association on or before May 1, to entitle a church to be represented in the following annual meeting.

"Respectfully submitted, John Mason Little, Chairman, Thomas J. Morris, Mrs. Bradley Gilman, Thomas R. Slicer."

The Association was able to report all bills paid up to May 1, $49,000 added to its permanent funds, and a fair prospect for the year to come. The total income of the Association from contributions and invested funds was about $77,000. No especial effort was made after the death of Dr. Reynolds to bring pressure upon the churches to increase their contributions. With reviving prosperity and no change in the methods of administration, $90,000 would be the unforced income of the current year. The appointment of Mr. Stone, however, as paid treasurer to give all his time to the financial interests of the Association, is expected to result in a much larger increase.

According to what seem to be authentic reports in the newspapers, the death of Dr. Mack in Salem, Mass., which occurred on the 9th of June, within three years will set $70,000 free for the uses of the Association. What is now desirable first of all is to establish and maintain a permanent fund out of which all the fixed charges of the Association shall be paid. In that case every dollar received from the churches would go at once into the field.

One of the most interesting features of the week was the reading of letters from old men,—Messrs. Stone, Furness, Martineau, and May. No addresses by any of the younger generations surpassed them in wit, freshness, and cogency. A meritorious thing conspicuous in our body has from the beginning been the reverence shown to old men. They are retained longer in service and are more easily settled than in other denominations. Although the average term of service for a minister in our body has been somewhat shortened within the last twenty years, it is still longer than the average in other churches. There is no "deadline" at fifty. There is no better counterpoise for the rashness of youth than a grateful reverence for the aged men and women who have created the Unitarian ideal of personal character.

In making their plans for travel and change, let all our friends everywhere keep in mind the great gathering of Unitarians at Washington next October. It is a sign of our growing unity of purpose and action that the executive branches of the Unitarian Association and the National Conference tend more and more to an inclusion of the same persons. At the last meeting of the Conference at Saratoga, without the planning of either board, the new Council, when elected, was found to include Hon. George S. Hale, president, and Messrs. Savage, Crothers, and Batchelor, directors, of the Association. At the annual meeting of the Association recently held in Boston Messrs. Hale and Crothers left the board of directors. But Mr. Stone, another member of the Council of the Conference, was elected treasurer of the Association, so that the

secretary, treasurer, and one member of the board of directors of the Association are still members of the Council. When the present chairman of the Council was elected secretary of the Association, he submitted the question of his resignation as chairman of the Council. The judgment of the Council was that for once it was desirable, as an expression of unforced unity and unplanned co operation, to have the report of the Association and the Address of the Council presented at Washington by the same man.

This is the thirtieth year in the life of the Conference; and they who can remember the lack of organization, the individualism, and the disunities of thirty years ago can measure the great progress made in the direction of a single purpose and concerted action. Our work is to "cast up a highway." Now, as in the time of the ancient prophets, there are natural impediments to be overcome. The crooked must be made straight, the rough places plain, and the quagmires and quicksands filled with solid material. But, if we are patient and persevering, the highway will be made so safe and so straight that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

GEORGE BATCHELOR.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

An excellent help to a teacher is a portfolio of pictures. These illustrations ought to be selected with great care. They can be culled from newspapers, prints, photographs, and other sources. Then, when some particular subject is before the class, there is nothing like a picture to enforce the lesson. It is observable that even adults are impressed by this appeal to the imagination, which throughout all the years of one's life is a dominating faculty. Particularly pictures relating to Palestine and localities of historic interest will serve the teacher well. It is not simply for entertainment that this suggestion is made, but for positive serious instruction.

We all know that the value of a teacher often consists in his or her readiness. A class of boys is frequently hard to manage, simply because the teacher is not adaptable. He goes to his duty with his mind in fixed lines of thought, out of which he cannot readily diverge. Consequently, at any change in conversation or discussion, he is unable to seize the opportunity to turn it to advantage. A periodical gives an instance where a teacher asked, "What song did the angels sing?" Immediately a little fellow, with the boy mischief in him, replied, "Marching through Georgia." This would be sufficient reason for many teachers to look stern and to give sharp reproof. But, after the laugh had subsided, this teacher began to question the class about that famous song. "Who wrote it, and what was the occasion of its being produced?" He drew out all the facts that were interesting, and then turned everything to a good moral impression. There is no doubt that the teacher was thought more of in every way by the pupils, and the lesson hour was turned to good results.

In the matter of music for the Sunday-school we must try and strike a happy medium. There are many songs of highly finished form, which meet the approbation of the most critical. To sing these all the time, however, would bring one certain result: the school, as a whole, would lose interest. We must be reasonable about this; and, while not pandering to a trivial taste, we must recognize the needs of childhood, and use a wide, expressive variety of songs in our Sunday-school exercises. It is easy for the adult to call that frivolous and light which to the young nature is quite adequate and appropriate. All birds are not nightingales, nor is it exactly desirable that such bird harmony should exist.

Probably no single manual among our helps for Unitarian Sunday-schools has stirred thought more than Rev. Minot J. Savage's "Unitarian Catechism." It has filled and is now meeting a great need, and performing an important mission. Without conflicting with this in the least, but adding to it and filling a place of its own, is a proposed "Catechism on Unitarian Belief," by Rev. Charles F. Dole. The Unitarian Sunday School Society hopes to publish this in the early autumn, so that it will be ready for use in our Sunday-schools. Mr. Dole has a very happy way of putting things, which will, no doubt, be manifested in this new manual.

I have often said in this department that we are reacting from the old habit of memorizing to a dangerous extent. In the desire to stir up the young mind and make it think for itself, we are frequently forgetting the laws of psychology. The memory is kindly given great power by nature in youth. It is intended as a storehouse. There ought to be a reasonable filling of it with passages, poems, and proverbs such as would form proper material for after years of thought, speech, and character. To help this important part of instruction, Rev. W. W. Fenn intends to compile notable passages from the Bible and other sources. This collection will be published, it is hoped, in the autumn by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, and furnish a valuable help in thus equipping boys and girls with a first-hand

possessive knowledge of great thoughts nobly expressed.

A third edition of the New Song and Service Book will be ready in the autumn. Fifty-eight schools have already introduced this help in Sunday-school exercises. So far, the comments have been very pleasant with regard to the contents and appearance of the volume. It is not to be supposed that such a production would contain matter satisfactory to every one; and it is also certain that such a book would fail to embody many features desired by some schools. On the whole, the verdict seems to be that "A Book of Song and Service" will prove a useful working compilation. The material in it for festival days is quite large; and on trial it has proved sufficient in certain schools to take the place of special pamphlet exercises.

Tuesday evening, October 22, has been set aside for the consideration of matters relating to the young people, at the National Conference in Washington. This meeting has been placed in the hands of the president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society to arrange the programme and conduct the exercises. The general topic will be "Our Young People: Their Relations to Church, Denomination, and Life at Large." A fine list of speakers has been secured. It is clear that earnest and intelligent attention must be converged, whenever it is possible, upon the needs and duties of our young people. Their wonderful opportunities should also be portrayed. Then comes the accent of responsibility. But the first step in all this matter must be taken by the ministers and the parents. That step is one of recognition of the situation, with a distinct and earnest pledge that all shall be done that is possible to create loyalty and character in these heirs of our principles and prophecies. EDWARD A. HORTON.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

The Alliance held its usual public meeting in Anniversary Week in the Second Church, Copley Square, Boston. This meeting has come to be an "annual" one, because it is held every year; but no business is transacted and no delegates are required, although it is hoped that Branches will send as many representatives as possible.

This meeting was quite an informal one, with few prepared addresses, and closed with a lunch and a "social hour." Among the speakers were Miss Elizabeth P. Channing; Mrs. J. W. Andrews, the first president of the Alliance; Mrs. F. W. Hooper, president of the New York League; Mrs. George S. Hale; Rev. Ida C. Hultin; and Rev. Thomas Van Ness, pastor of the church in which the meeting was held. Mrs. Martha Perry Lowe read an original poem in commemoration of the seventieth anniversary of the American Unitarian Association; and the audience, which completely filled the church, had also the pleasure of listening to the reading of an address delivered in Baltimore, at the recent Southern Conference, by Rev. Charles R. Weld. The subject of the address was "The General Theological Situation in the South,"" and was full of suggestion for those wishing to understand the problems of work in the Southern field. The following is from the report by Mrs. Utter of Salt Lake City:—

"Our Alliance work in Salt Lake City has necessarily been quite practical in its nature. In this respect we have not yet reached the ideal of the Alliance Branch, which should include religious and denominational study as well as practical help in church work. We are doing about as well as we can under the circumstances. Our Branch has raised in the year ending in April $480. This has been accomplished by means of literary, musical, and social entertainments; by the annual membership fee, and a weekly contribution of one dime from each member. In this way we have been able to pay $20 monthly for music for Sunday services, small sums for charitable and other objects, and also to help in furnishing the hall in which we now hold our services, and to possess ourselves of a gas-stove, kitchen ware, and other conveniences so important to the social side of church industries. By and by, when we are not so busy doing our own housework, perhaps we will have more time for reading. The Branch in Colorado Springs is situated very much like ourselves, busily engaged in earning its own living; while in Denver it is a study class, holding monthly meetings, where papers on religious and philanthropic subjects are read and discussed, the society for practical church work being a separate organization. In Pierre and North Platte little bands of women lay aside a few hours every month out of their busy lives to meet together for reading and social intercourse, forming a nucleus which is the seed from which churches grow. So you see roses are beginning to bloom in the wilderness."

From quite another part of the country the director for New Hampshire gave a graphic sketch of the work in the Granite State. She concluded thus:—

"As Vermont is under the care of the New Hampshire director, it gratifies me exceedingly to report the organization of a most flourishing Branch at Brattleboro. It was formed by the meeting of fifteen ladies, Oct. 29, 1894. The report of their last meeting for the season, in March, says

they had sixty-eight names enrolled on their book as members,—an increase of fifty-three in six months, which is very remarkable. They have a Study Class, Post-office Mission, and Cheerful Letter Committees, and during their short existence have done a splendid work, going far beyond some of the older Branches.

"In an educational way Proctor Academy is doing its best; and no better school for teaching broad, liberal ideas, in every sense, can be found in New Hampshire. In the class to graduate next week are five young men fitted for *any* college, but looking toward Harvard for finishing touches. May they do credit to the State from which they emigrate, wherever they may go! We feel deeply grateful for every dollar's worth of assistance given by the Branches to the school, while we know it is not strictly in the direct line of Alliance work. God bless the Commonwealths of Vermont and New Hampshire, with all the other States, in every effort put forth to enlighten, educate, and uplift the people!"

New Branches have been formed at Chelmsford, New Bedford, and Fairhaven since the last monthly meeting; and the president and corresponding secretary have been busy visiting towns and cities where there is no Alliance, and often no Unitarian church. In many Branches the Post-office Mission is assuming larger proportions since the plan of organized missionary effort; and "circuits" and "centres" and "circles" are being established. It is hoped that the names of all new correspondents obtained this year may be sent to Miss Everett, 17 Park Street, Dorchester, Mass., to be placed in the directory, which has already proved to be so useful.

EMILY A. FIFIELD,
Rec. Sec'y.

GUILDS.

A guild was organized in the First Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, L.I., on the 27th of March. It is called the "Guild of the Church of the Saviour," and it starts out with twenty-seven members. The president is Albert L. Mason; the secretary, Katherine E. Blossom. From the constitution we read that "the objects of the guild shall be to promote mutual acquaintance and friendship, and to help and strengthen the work of the church and chapel." All young people that have reached the age of sixteen years are eligible for membership. As the meetings occur on the last Thursday of every other month, from October to April, thus being quite infrequent, the method of work is probably to be different from that of most guilds.

We are glad to announce the existence of another society, which is doing good work in Lowell, Mass. It is connected with the mission work of Rev. George C. Wright, and is called Unity Guild. We learn through Mr. Wright that "some unchurched young men" desired "to have some talk" about Unitarianism. They rented a building, and the guild has met the expenses of maintaining it. There are both rich and poor members, and the average attendance is forty. In time a Unitarian church is looked for as the outcome. Conference meetings occur on Sunday afternoon, gymnastic drills three times a week, young women's meeting on Wednesday evenings; and the reading-room is open every night. We extract a few subjects of conference from the list: "Nature," "God," "Character," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "The Good Bishop in 'Les Misérables.'" After the first month character studies were used, taken from the great writers.

The society in Needham, Mass., reports the large number of seventy members. It has charge of the evening meetings every other Sunday.

We notice in the news from Ann Arbor, Mich., that the Liberal Guild of about fifty young men and the King's Daughters, composed of the same number, have done excellent work during the past year. Is this the only guild that is composed of young men exclusively in our Unitarian body?

B. R. BULKELEY.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

The Unitarian Temperance Society held its annual meeting at King's Chapel during Anniversary Week. The president, Rev. C. R. Eliot, presided.

The following officers were elected: president, Rev. C. R. Eliot; vice-president, W. H. Baldwin; secretary, Rev. G. W. Cooke, of East Lexington; treasurer, F. B. Thayer, of Boston. The existing board of directors was re-elected.

We quote from the report of the Boston *Herald:*

The opening speaker was Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence. After dwelling on the importance of recognizing a distinctively enunciated temperance cause, she urged that there was too much fastidiousness in regard to a temperance pledge.

Rev. Charles F. Dole was introduced as the "citizen minister." He referred to the different methods of treating the temperance question. One of these was what he called the dogmatic view, which holds that the use of liquor, even in its mildest forms, is always and everywhere sinful.

He for one found himself unable to reach this conviction. He found that there were

people coming from foreign countries who could not conceive of this view of the question, it was so remote from anything they had ever thought or experienced on the subject. Moreover, there were many around them who did not believe that the use of alcohol in any form was a sin. There was a commission in progress, composed of leading scientists, he continued, studying the question as to whether alcohol was in all cases injurious, and in view of this it may result that some things which are taught in the schools on this subject will have to be measurably unlearned.

But, in view of the enormous evils from alcohol in this country and at the present time, the only true position to take was that of total abstinence. This was a principle upon which they could address the young and those who are inclined to be weak in this direction.

Rev. Dr. Arthur Little of Dorchester said there was no evil that so threatened the life of the republic as the liquor traffic.

He referred to some statistics which he obtained from Gen. Martin, chairman of the police commission. For example, he was startled to learn that there were 35,000 drinks sold every day in what was called the first district, comprising the northerly part of the city proper.

Mrs. Fanny B. Ames said that alcohol seemed to have some strange and hypnotic influence on the world, and that the only safe ground to take was that of a personal abstainer, as she believed that the day was far distant when the world at large could be trusted to use liquors with moderation.

Rev. George L. Perin of the Every-day Church closed the speaking with effective remarks on the vital importance of the temperance work and the methods of its promotion.

From Oakland comes an interesting little publication issued by the "Council for the Suppression of the Saloon." This council is made up of leading citizens, and undertakes to unite all the temperance sentiment of the city in the single aim of suppressing the saloon, leaving to other agencies measures for regulating the sale of liquor or for promoting total abstinence.

Rev. Mr. Wendte is a member of this council; and we see by the other names that ministers and laymen of opposing denominations have come together, as has often happened before, upon this temperance platform and for this temperance work.

C. R. Eliot.

Life hides the truth just as sunshine hides the stars,—by excess of light instead of lack of it.—*Selected.*

LITERARY NOTES.

The *New World* for June (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) opens with a brief and trenchant article on "Broad and Narrow in the Episcopal Church," by Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell of Philadelphia, a prominent Broad Churchman. Eight scholarly and vigorous articles follow: "Frances Power Cobbe," John W. Chadwick; "Sentimentalism and Political Economy," W. Kirkus; "The Present Standing of the Synoptic Problem in Germany," H. H. Wendt; "Democracy and Religion," J. H. Crooker; "The Philosophical Basis of the Supernatural," John Bascom; "The Pauline Eschatology," Orello Cone; "The Alleged Sympathy of Religions," Joseph Henry Allen; "The Book of the Dead," Sara Y. Stevenson.

Lend a Hand for June (Boston: J. Stilman Smith & Co.) has the following articles: "The Detroit Plan"; "Instructions in Charities and Correction in the University of Wisconsin," Richard T. Ely; "Individualism in Charities," Alice N. Lincoln; "Trade-schools for the Many," Samuel F. Hubbard; "State Roads in Massachusetts," Albert A. Pope; "A Life Class in Sociology," Paul Tyner; "Chicago's Record of Progress."

"The Modern Reader's Bible." New York: Macmillan & Co.—A series is now issuing which undertakes the useful work of giving the books of the Bible as part of the world's literature. The first volumes comprehend the "Wisdom Literature," Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, book of Job, all edited by Richard C. Moulton. The introductions will be confined strictly to the consideration of the book as a piece of literature. What little is added in the way of annotation will be of the same kind. The text will be that of the revised version, the marginal readings being usually preferred.

"Responsive Readings selected from the Bible and arranged under Subjects for Use in Common Worship." By Henry Van Dyke, D.D., pastor of the Brick Church in New York; preacher to Harvard University, 1890–1892; Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale. Boston: Ginn & Co.—This book was originally prepared by request for the Chapel of Harvard University, where it is now in use. It has been carefully revised and enlarged with a view to meeting a want which has long been felt in the chapel services of colleges and schools, where the responsive reading of a brief, devotional portion of Holy Scripture every day, chosen with reference to one of the large and simple truths of religion in which all Christians are of the same faith, would greatly add to the interest and beauty of worship.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

NEVER GIVE UP.

In the world that lies before you
  There is much for you to win;
But beforehand you must conquer
  Foes without and foes within.
And if now your tasks can rout you,
  Then, when life's real battles call,
Will you, in their heat and struggle,
  Victor stand, or vanquished fall?

Can you hope for bright successes
  If you're always failing now?
Do you think defeat will help to
  Weave the laurel 'round your brow?
Just as little straws can tell us
  From which side the breezes blow,
So the way you work at trifles
  Will your perseverance show.

Never say that fate's against you,
  That you cannot conquer luck;
There is no such thing as either;
  All depends on work and pluck.
Just you be resolved to conquer,
  Never mind how tough the fray;
Put your hands and brain in motion,
  And, my boys, you'll gain the day.

—*Christian at Work.*

BABY HEROISM.

What a perilous existence babies lead! Their hair-breadth escapes are something to be thought of with a shudder. You hear of their falling out of bed, falling downstairs, swallowing buttons, scalding themselves, burying themselves under tablecloths covered with dishes, and yet doing very well. That they are liberally provisioned by nature is happily certain. If toothache keeps a big, able-bodied man writhing and groaning, what would he say to cutting a tooth? And yet a baby will cut half a dozen teeth at a time, and look at you as much as to say, "Pooh, pooh, my dear sir,—a mere trifle!"

A MODEL CHILD.

Her temper's always sunny, her hair is ever neat;
She doesn't care for candy,—she says it is too sweet!
She loves to study lessons,—her sums are always right;
And she gladly goes to bed at eight every single night.

Her apron's never tumbled, her hands are always clean;
With buttons missing from her shoe she never has been seen.
She remembers to say "Thank you," and "Yes, ma'am, if you please";
And she never cries nor frets nor whines; she's ne'er been known to tease.

Each night upon the closet shelf she puts away her toys;
She never slams the parlor door, nor makes the slightest noise;
But she loves to run on errands and to play with little brother.
And she's never in her life been known to disobey her mother.

"Who is this charming little maid?
  I long to grasp her hand!"
She's the daughter of Mr. Nobody,
  And she lives in Nowhereland.

—*St. Nicholas.*

DOLLY'S LESSON.

Come here, you nignoramus!
  I'm ashamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter
  'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you:
  This round hole's name is O;
And, when you put a tail in,
  It makes it Q, you know.

And if it has a front door,
  To walk in at, it's C;
Then make a seat right here,
  To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
  Is I, and stands for me;
And, when it puts a hat on,
  It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
  And half of B is P;
And E without his slippers on
  Is only F, you see.

You turn A upside downwards,
  And people call it V;
And if it's twins, like this one,
  W' twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,
  You'll know a great big heap,—
'Most much's I,—*O dolly!*
  I b'lieve you've gone asleep

—*Youth's Companion.*

PANSY FACES.

Pansy faces, grave and wise,
Who can read the "thought" that lies
Lurking underneath your eyes?

"Thoughts" of folk and flower lore!
Secrets hidden evermore,
By the underworld's fast door!

Pansy faces, elfin, wee!
As I bend full lowlily,
Will you whisper "thoughts" to me?

—*Youth's Companion.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Rev. Samuel Thomson, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN,
Chairman.
D. W. MOREHOUSE,
Secretary.

Rev. H. L. Kelsey, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN,
Chairman.
D. W. MOREHOUSE,
Secretary.

The Unitarian Grove Meeting.— The eighteenth annual grove meeting is to be held from July 28 to August 4 at the Weirs, and the meeting promises to be one of unusual interest. Among the speakers will be Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D., of Columbus, Ohio; Rev. J. H. Crooker of Helena, Mont.; Rev. W. W. Fenn; Rev. Edward J. Wright; Rev. D. M. Wilson; Rev. S. C. Beane; and Rev. Charles J. Staples. One of the notable features of the week will be Layman's Day, when addresses are expected from Senator W. E. Chandler, Hon. Charles F. Stone, and others. For further information address Rev. Frank L. Phalen, Concord, N.H.

The School of Applied Ethics is to hold its fourth summer session at Plymouth, Mass., beginning July 7, for five weeks. A most interesting program has been prepared in the four departments of Economics, Ethics, Education, and History of Religions. The whole school is under the able management of Dr. Adams of Michigan University, Dr. Adler of New York, and Dr. Toy of Harvard University.

Andover, N.H.—On Friday, June 7, the graduation exercises of Proctor Academy were held, five young ladies and three young men receiving the diploma of the Unitarian Educational Society. The occasion, favored by one of the rare days of June, filled Proctor Hall with the friends of the school. Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D.D., offered prayer. The members of the class, in the papers read, reflected much credit upon the teaching of the school, giving much satisfaction to the trustees and friends present. The diplomas were presented by President J. C. A. Hill. The same teachers will be continued in their work. The coming year will bring a distinct improvement in the boarding facilities, Rev. J. F. Morton, principal, being engaged in building a house with accommodations for the young men, as a part of his family, and the dormitory being devoted to service as a home for the young ladies. Many expressions were heard after the exercises to the effect that the school deserves a liberal support and a large attendance of pupils.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—A Conference of the Unitarian, Universalist, and Independent Churches of Michigan was held at Ann Arbor on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 28 and 29. Nearly thirty churches were represented. The conference began with an address of welcome on behalf of the Ann Arbor Society from Prof. W. H. Pettee of the university. The first paper was read by Rev. A. G. Jennings of Toledo, Ohio, on "A Religion to bridge the Gulf between the Rich and the Poor."

On Tuesday afternoon there were two addresses upon "Woman's Work,"—(1) "In Universalist Churches," by Rev. Olivia J. Carpenter of Lansing; and (2) "In Unitarian Churches," by Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland of Ann Arbor.

In the evening there was a platform meeting. The general topic was "The Kind of Religion the World needs." The following speakers took part: Mr. Giles B. Stebbins of Detroit, Rev. George W. Buckley of Sturgis, Rev. W. L. Gibbs of Concord, and Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago.

Wednesday began with a well-attended and very inspiring devotional meeting, led by Rev. J. Merrifield of Manchester. Next came an hour devoted to five-minute speeches on "The Printed Page as a Missionary Agency." Rev. W. L. Swan of Marshall spoke of the great value of tracts in awakening inquiry and setting people thinking, and named what he regarded as the best four tracts setting forth the Universalist faith. Rev. Mr. Forbush urged the value of tracts as a Post-office Mission agency, and named what he regarded as the four best Unitarian tracts.

The paper that called out the warmest discussion of the conference was by Rev. Charles Legal of Lansing, on "The Future of the Liberal Churches." The essayist believed that the steady progress and final triumph of liberal Christian thought is certain.

In the afternoon a paper of rare poetical beauty was read by Rev. Reed Stuart, on "Why Religion prevails." This was followed by a very able and instructive address by Dr. V. C. Vaughan, dean of the medical department of the university, on "Sanitation and Public Health," and a scholarly paper by Prof. J. A. Craig of the Chair of Semitic Languages, on "Assyriology and the Bible."

The conference closed on Wednesday evening with a platform meeting. The gen-

eral subject was "Salvation." Rev. Dr. C. E. Tucker of Bay City spoke on "The Salvation of the Individual"; Rev. George A. Sahlin of Benton Harbor, on "Probation after Death"; Rev. T. W. Illman of Grand Rapids, on the question, "Can anybody be saved unless All Men are saved?" and Rev. Lee S. McCollester of Detroit, on "The Salvation of Society."

Athol, Mass.— The Second Unitarian Church of Athol, Mass., has at last a pastor. Rev. Carl G. Horst began his labors with this society on the first Sunday in June. His installation will occur some time this month. Rev. Minot J. Savage will preach the installation sermon. Mr. Horst's earnestness and zeal are contagious, and the church feels as though it were entering on a new lease of life.

The Guild of the Good Shepherd has adjourned its meetings till September. A good degree of interest has been maintained the past year. This society is blest with a large number of children and young people. The guild two years ago started an interest in the work of "Country Week." Last year other denominations joined with it, and a sufficient sum was secured to enable them to entertain fifty-eight children. This year, confident of the same interest and support, the society hopes to do still more for this most deserving charity.

The Sunday-school library is soon to receive an addition of new books,—reference books for Sunday-school work as well as good books for the pupils. The grounds about the church are being improved by a curbstone and walk. The society has withstood the curse of a long period of candidating, is active and harmonious, and sanguine of the future under the leadership of Mr. Horst.

Boston, Mass.—Much favorable notice has been taken by the daily press of the series of popular religious services on Boston Common, conducted under Unitarian auspices. Under the big tree near the band-stand, now a familiar feature in the exercises, Messrs. Hale, Walkley, Savage, Horton, Crothers, Eliot, Van Ness, Hudson, Huxtable, Howe, Dole, and others have spoken. The audiences ranged from four hundred to twelve hundred. The weather on certain days was unfavorable. Six meetings were planned. It is probable that the series will be continued through July and August. A cornet and parlor organ have been used to lead the singing. Printed hymns are circulated, and tracts are also given away freely. Thus far the addresses have been on topics allied to modern life and duty, such as brotherhood, service, self-respect, and the teachings of Jesus in relation to character.

—It is a matter for general gratification that an individual disciple within the fold of the Church of Disciples has come forward, and compelled the pastor, Rev. Charles G. Ames, to pause in his tremendous output of energy on behalf of the spiritual salvation of others, and allow something to be done toward the baser but necessary salvation of his own bodily health and strength. Mr. and Mrs. Ames are to be borne across the breezy bosom of the sea, and quietly pastured by the placid English lakes, along the historic paths of Europe, by the romantic Rhine, among the Alps, and where the languor of Italy antidotes our American "go."

Brooklyn, N.Y.—The First Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, N.Y., has issued an admirable Year Book, giving a full report of the many activities and interests connected with this vigorous society. The following pastor's report shows that Rev. Samuel A. Eliot responds to the calls of a parish wider than the city or even the State in which he resides:—

"During the year the minister has preached thirty-eight times in the church, seven times in the Willow Place Chapel, and fifteen times in other places. He has delivered public addresses on a considerable number of stated occasions, including the National Conference at Saratoga; the State Conference at Meadville; the meetings of the Unitarian Clubs of Boston, Providence, and Philadelphia, and the Congregational Club of Brooklyn; before the New England Society, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Pratt Institute, the Polytechnic Institute, the Plymouth League, the Bureau of Charities, the Franklin Literary Society, the New York Sunday School Union, the Brooklyn Guild, and the Ministers' League. He has taken part in two installation services and one church dedication. He has represented the society at all important denominational meetings, and served as director in the American Unitarian Association, the State Conference, and the Sunday School Union; as vice-president of the Bureau of Charities, corresponding secretary of the New England Society, and director in the Long Island Historical Society."

Seven memorial windows have recently been added to the church. A new hymn-book, prepared by the pastor, has been introduced. The report of the property of the church is exceedingly satisfactory, showing a cash balance of $1,826.51 after the year's expenses.

Cherokee, Ia.—This society has been from the first composed of those who, for the sake of liberty in religious thought, were willing to make the sacrifices of time and money that were necessary to build in this town a church of liberal religion. Although we were willing to do all in our power, we could not have stood alone. The Unity Church of Sioux City kindly reached to us a helping hand, and through

their assistance and our own efforts we do feel to-day as if we had succeeded. It yet lacks eleven days of three years since the first sermon was preached by Miss Safford in the opera house. Our present condition is: a membership of forty-six; a lot worth $2,200; a house, $1,130; and virtually no debt. But greater than all this is the feeling of perfect harmony among the members of the society, and the valuable experience they have gained in three years' church work together.

Concord, N.H.—The New England Alliance of the Unitarian Church was entertained by the local Branch on Tuesday, June 11. The meetings were held in the church. When Mrs. Lilian C. Streeter called the meeting to order at 11.30, the edifice was comfortably well filled. She congratulated the association upon the large attendance which had come together at this heated term, and introduced the president of the New England Alliance, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells of Boston. After thanking the association for the kindness of the reception, the president introduced Mrs. Mary B. Davis of New York, secretary of the National Alliance, who spoke of Alliance work. Said she:—

"In nearly every church we find women's societies, either for church work or social uplifting, or financial improvement. We have different theories; but all imply the giving of thought, time, and money to the church. There are opportunities for all. We are prone to compare ourselves with others in regard to financial aid. Money alone cannot supply fellowship. Let this point be remembered.

"Until 1880 the women of the Unitarian Church had no established society. Then our organization was effected; and its objects are, first of all, to work along the lines of the Unitarian society, and to quicken the religious life of the church. Through reports from the directors we are placed in touch with the churches all over the country. I feel that, could every Unitarian woman in this country know the objects and interests of the Alliance, not one of them would refuse to become a member.

"In organizing an Alliance, the main objection seems to be a purely financial one. This is mentioned here, not because of its importance, but because of its frequent repetition. As a business association, the Alliance must of course be run on business principles; and money must be had. We must be in thorough touch, in order that we may do better work. You of New England know little of the difficulties of those who find themselves hundreds of miles from brother church members, and where social ostracism is almost surely attached to our religion. Through the Post-office Mission more than two hundred and one thousand Unitarian tracts have been sent out in response to calls for literature. During the last ten years there has been a great advance in the Middle and Central States."

Mrs. Davis gave many interesting examples of the work in the South, West, and other parts of the world.

Miss Eva Channing spoke of her experiences with the A. A. W. in the South. The society works, not particularly to aid the Unitarian Church, but rather works for the assistance of woman, whatever her belief. She detailed the visit to the colored schools, and urged any who were interested to join for the proposed Southern visit the coming winter. She spoke especially of the liberalizing tendency which the Unitarians are exciting in the South.

At the conclusion lunch was served.

Harvard, Mass.—The following were the order of exercises at the installation of Rev. Joseph P. Sheafe as pastor of the First Congregational Parish (Unitarian), Harvard, Mass., at two o'clock, Thursday afternoon, June 13: anthem; reading of the Scriptures, Rev. W. H. Evans, Baptist, Harvard; prayer, Rev. C. C. Torry, orthodox Congregational, Harvard; hymn; sermon, Rev. E. A. Horton, Boston; installing prayer, Rev. G. M. Bartol, D.D., Lancaster; response; right hand of fellowship, Rev. J. C. Duncan, Clinton; address to the people, Rev. B. A. Goodridge, former minister, Boston; anthem; charge to the pastor, Rev. G. M. Bodge, Leominster; doxology; benediction by the pastor.

Humboldt, Ia.—A call has been extended to Rev. Charles Graves of Rock Rapids to become the pastor of the Unitarian church here, and Mr. Graves has accepted.

Newburyport, Mass.—The seventy-first anniversary of the Sunday-school of the First Religious Society of Newburyport was observed on Sunday, June 23. The annual reports showed an encouraging increase of members and of constancy of attendance. At the morning service on that day nine infant children were baptized, and a confirmation class of eight young men and women were welcomed to membership in the church.

Pittsfield, Mass.—It is with deep regret that the members of Unity Church of Pittsfield, Mass., have been obliged to accept the resignation of Rev. Carl G. Horst as their pastor, who for the past four years have been instructed by his thoughtful, candid, and vigorous sermons, and animated by his example of upright, cheerful, and courageous living. The high esteem in which Mr. Horst is held in this city was well attested to by the large congregations, both morning and evening, which gathered to hear the farewell words of a

preacher popular alike with every class with whom he has come in contact. By his departure Unity Church loses a faithful pastor, a wise counsellor, and a true friend, and the city of Pittsfield a noble and manly citizen, and Berkshire County an admirable exponent and expounder of the liberal faith. He was ever ready to give his time and influence for the interest of every good cause. Especially the Union for Home Work will lose an efficient worker, he having been president of that organization for some time. The board of managers gave him a substantial token of their esteem, and of appreciation of his faithful service, by presenting him with a sum of money with which to purchase any books he might desire. On the evening of May 26 Mr. Horst delivered the annual Memorial Day sermon to a large and attentive congregation, Rockwell and Berkshire Posts, Bartlett Camp, and Woman's Relief Corps attending in a body, and occupying nearly the entire middle and a portion of the right of the auditorium. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," were the words on which he founded an extremely practical address on "The Duty of Patriots in Time of Peace." He spent some time in considering intemperance, political corruption, the alienation of capital and labor, and immigration, and did not think that the presence of these recognized problems was so apparent from reasons of degeneracy as from the reason that more attention is paid them now than formerly, and that therefore there is a cause to believe that there is a forward movement rather than a retrogression. The sermon abounded in striking sentences, and, indirectly, was an earnest plea for manly and noble citizenship,—a citizenship that dares to shoulder responsibilities and face questions at the polls as quickly and loyally as it would shoulder a musket and march against a foreign invader. The good wishes of many friends follow Mr. Horst in his new field of labor.

Plymouth, Mass.—The fourth summer session of the School of Applied Ethics will be held in the old historic town of Plymouth on the coast of Massachusetts, where the previous sessions have been so successful. Plymouth affords good opportunities for sea-bathing and sailing, and has beautiful drives. It is a little over an hour's ride by train from Boston (Old Colony Station, Kneeland Street), and during the summer a steamer runs daily between Plymouth and Boston (Franklin Wharf). It has also direct daily connection with the Fall River boat to and from New York, without change of cars. The session will open Sunday, July 7, 4 P.M., and continue five weeks, ending Friday, August 9. There will be no lectures on Saturdays. The course of Sunday afternoon lectures will be free to the general public. All the meetings and lectures will be held in the new high-school building, which is reached by the electric car from any part of the town situated along the coast. Over eighty lectures and conferences will be given during the session.

Presque Isle, Me.—The Unitarian church has published for free distribution an excellent sermon by Rev. W. E. Lane on "Conservative Development."

Randolph, Mass.—The Unitarian Club of the Church of the Unity, Randolph, Mass., closed its monthly meetings for the season with a sociable on the evening of June 5. There have been good attendance and constant interest. The subjects for essays have been: "Holmes," "Channing," "Lowell," "Parker," and "Emerson." Rev. Charles A. Humphreys filled one evening with the story of his own capture and imprisonment in the War of the Rebellion.

Rocky Mountain Conference.—The sixth annual session of the Rocky Mountain Conference of Liberal Christian Churches met at Denver May 4, 5, and 6. The conference covers a wide field, from Montana to New Mexico; and but eight organized societies are embraced within it, only three of which have church buildings. Exchanges are not frequent when ministers are from fifty to five hundred miles apart, and our yearly conference means a great deal to us. This last meeting has been no less interesting and inspiring than previous ones.

The meetings opened Saturday evening by a pleasant reception to the delegates, followed by a "Word of Welcome" from Rev. N. A. Haskell of the Denver church, and an address by Rev. T. B. Forbush on "The Raison d'être of the Liberal Church."

Sunday morning Rev. J. H. Crooker of Helena preached the conference sermon, on "The Thought of God." Sunday afternoon was devoted to an interesting discussion of Sunday-school work. In the evening we counted upon listening to Rev. W. R. G. Mellen, who has so long been identified in every good way with our work here; but a sore foot housed him at Colorado Springs. Though he could not come to us, he sent his essay on "The Higher Criticism," which Mr. Forbush read.

Monday afternoon was in charge of the ladies of the conference, and three very interesting papers were read: by Mrs. L. W. Bassett, on "Unitarianism in the Household"; by Mrs. Mina S. Gabriel, on "Unitarians in the Charitable Movement"; and by Dr. Sarah J. Fearing, on "Where and How Unitarianism has Grown." In the evening Prof. Krauss of Colorado Springs spoke on "Science and Unitarianism," Rev.

C. E. Montague of Cañon City on "Importance of Religion to Society," Rev. J. H. Crooker on "The Ideal Church," and Rev. T. B. Forbush on "The Religious Attitude of the Unitarian Church."

With the exception of Helena and Greeley, the reports from the various churches were more hopeful than encouraging. The harvest is plenteous: the reapers are few. But we trust that the outlook in the fall will drive our fears away, and that another May will bring us once more together, readier than ever to carry on the work so much needed here.

C. HOWARD WILSON, *Secretary.*

Salem, Mass.—The churches of Salem of every denomination deeply feel the loss of Rev. E. B. Willson, whose sudden death came with such a shock to the whole community. Throughout this region Mr. Willson's beautiful face, kindly manner, and spiritual influence were a benediction highly prized. To enumerate the fields of his labor would be to mention every sphere of civic, moral, and social life in our city. The united tolling of the bells of all the churches during the funeral service, and the soft music of the organ, breathing itself out in the sweet old hymn tunes he so dearly loved, gave expression to the unifying and deeply religious spirit which dwelt in him. The funeral service was simple. Rev. John W. Hudson of Peabody read passages of Scripture which were very appropriate, and offered a most touching prayer. Rev. George D. Latimer of the North Church pronounced the benediction.

St. John, N.B.—The First Unitarian Church in this place was dedicated June 4. The dedication services were conducted by Rev. Dr. MacDougall, assisted by Rev. H. D. Catlin of Eastport, who offered the invocation; by Rev. D. M. Wilson, who offered the prayer of dedication; and by Rev. O. K. Crosby of Houlton. The sermon was preached by Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke of Newton, who made a strong and inspiring presentation of the larger gospel and surer trust which are displacing the old theologies.

Taunton, Mass.—The Sunday-school of the First Congregational Society in Taunton, Mass., celebrated its Children's Day on June 23, and made use of the special service of 1892. The children did everything for and by themselves that they could do; and the quartet choir was not included. Their childish voices spoke from the platform, and they stood about the piano, singing of birds and flowers; and the sermon was suited to children. Four little ones and two adults were christened.

West Roxbury, Mass.—The First Parish of West Roxbury has extended a call to Alfred Rodman Hussey of the Harvard Divinity School, and has received his acceptance.

Willimantic, Conn.—The movement here is prospering beyond anticipations. Rev. S. R. Free has already begun services, and at his first meeting had about four hundred listeners.

Wisconsin and Minnesota.—The Interstate Conference of Wisconsin and Minnesota met at Menomonie, Wis., May 21 to 23. The weather was perfect, and the hospitality of the Menomonie society was perfection. The faces of all the delegates told how good everything was.

The meetings of the conference had only one failing: they were all too short. Mr. Fenn's sermon on "Was the Life of Jesus a Success?" argued that "no good thing was failure"; and, surely, this conference was a success. The Sunday-school session set minds at work.

The decision after Wednesday evening's words was that the liberal church must stand pre-eminently for the highest and noblest citizenship, and through education and personal interest should work heartily in the much needed social reforms.

The missionary session seemed to arouse new zeal for missionary work in all the ways presented. Miss Putnam spoke for the isolated, Mr. Owen for the countryside, Mr. Norman for the Scandinavians, Mr. Davis for work in neighboring towns; that is, within a radius of seventy-five or one hundred miles. Mr. Fenn spoke for his hobby, mission week. Each one gave good reasons for the continuance of his or her special methods.

Thursday evening came a very earnest word from Mr. Simonds of Madison, Wis., somewhat in the line of the platform meeting, his subject being "The Relation of Religion to Industrial Life."

Besides the right royal feast of reason and soul, the material body was served in the ample social room underneath the auditorium; and vocal and instrumental music that rested tired brains was given by Mr. Metcalf on the organ and Mrs. Kelley and Miss Kalsay with their sweet voices for an hour Thursday morning.

The following churches were represented by their ministers: Baraboo, Milwaukee, Madison, Arcadia, Menomonie, Wis.; St. Cloud, Winona, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Minn; Sioux Falls, So. Dak. The banner delegation was from Downing, Wis., where there is neither church nor minister; yet there were twelve to represent the desire for both church and pastor. Eau Claire was also represented by delegates. Fargo, No. Dak., was present on paper, Mr. Niles reading Mr. Ballou's contribution; and Miss Putnam was from North and South Dakota and Minnesota, speaking for her constituency of souls, and not churches.

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